

HUSTLER

Volume 21 Number 5

November 1994



12 A Hard Look at Hillary Rodham Clinton You Can Whack Off to the Presid

You Can Whack Off to the President's Wife...or You Can Turn the Page

13 Feedback
The World's Toughest Audience Speaks

14 Inside Howard Stern's Nose Snot and Souvenirs From an Opinionated Beak

19 Brews and Bra-Busters HUSTLER's 1994 Beer Taste Test

24 HUSTLER'S Killed Cover #1 We Tried

28 Amanda: Four Your Pleasure Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Finalist #4 Photography by Clive McLean

32 Hot Letters A Grown Man Who Plays With Dolls

33 HUSTLER'S Killed Cover #2 We Tried Again

37 Erotic
Entertainment
We Chat With Pussyman and Rate the
Latest Pussy, Man

44 HUSTLER'S Killed Cover #3 We Tried Harder

48 Sex Play
Rectal Objects of Desire: The Pain and
Pleasure of Artificial Anal Probing
Report by Vivian Mayfair

49 HUSTLER'S Killed Cover #4 We Broke Our Asses Trying 51 HUSTLER'S Killed Cover #5 We Fucking Gave Up

52 Interview With a Lesbian Straight Talk From a Bent Woman HUSTLER Q&A by Alex Marvel

56 Mickey and Scott: Their Love Spills Over Photography by James Baes

68 Marti: Close at Hand Photography by Matti Klatt

76 "Honey, I Murdered Your Mom"
Death by Son-in-Law
Matricide Tally by Larry Wichman

82 Tabitha and Bashara: Scored Straight Photography by Matti Klatt

92 Head to Tail
Who's Who in the Hooker Hierarchy
Streetwalker Survey by Lisa Crystal Carver

98 Jenna: Stud Finder Centerfold Photography by Clive McLean

108 HUSTLER Humor Edited by Mike McPadden and Jeanne Diamond

112 Kelly: Knocked-up Knockout Photography by Clive McLean

121 Beaver Hunt
Beauty and the Best American Beavs







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All nude models are 18 years of age or older.

Cover photo by Matti Klatt



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

There comes a time in human affairs when a common Asshole just won't do, but that's only one of the reasons why Charles, the Prince of Wales and probable future King of England, is HUSTLER Magazine's Royal Asshole of the Month for November 1994.

As the man who is next in line to ascend to the throne of a declining country with a total acreage equivalent to that of a medium-size county in Texas, Prince Charles's primary purpose in life is to impersonate a figurehead. In real-world terms, His Majesty-to-be is to the United Kingdom what Mickey Mouse is to the Magic Kingdom: an almost-human, big-eared, two-dimensional icon that is frequently posed for photographs with whatever celebrity its handlers deem will reap the most beneficial public relations for the greater good of the theme park as a whole. Unlike Mickey, Charles frequently fucks up in this role.

In early July, Britain's ITV network aired a documentary of the Prince's life: Charles: The Private Man, the Public Role. Whether it was an indictment of the paucity of watchable fare on Brit TV, or a testimony to that nation's inability to pass up a puddle of quivering protoplasm without stopping to gawk, 15 million Englanders (fully two-thirds of that nation's supposedly sentient viewing audience) stoically endured the two-and-a-half-hour program. Keep in mind, these are people who will watch a darts tournament on the telly, and be thrilled by that activity.

The British appetite for royalswatching cannot be explained in re-



motely flattering terms. This craven enjoyment is inextricable from an aesthetic sense capable of creating a native cuisine that uses congealed grease as its primary seasoning. The Prince is not many things, but he is smarmy in a way that only the English can digest.

The 150 dreary minutes of *The Private Man, the Public Role* contained one moment of interest, toward the end. Asked if he'd been faithful during his crumbled marriage to a WASP princess named Diana, cheesy Chuck replied in the affirmative, halted for a long pause and amended, "Until it became irretrievably broken down."

Fleet Street, center of the little, old nation's quaint newspaper-pub-

lishing industry, flipped, headlines screaming that their pea-headed would-be monarch had been blindsided in his own promo clip.

Sad Charles should be unembarrassable by now. A transcript of a
1989 telephone conversation between Charles and his "confidante," the dowdy and married
Camilla Parker Bowles, was disseminated throughout the Englishspeaking world. Civilized readers
everywhere took coarse amusement
in the ribald love talk of the two
stiff-upper-lip Limeys. "I fill up your
tank!" gushed then-41-year-old
Charles. "Yes, you do!" the slightly
older Camilla assured His Almost
Highness.

Charles went on to express the

hope that he be reincarnated as one of Mrs. Parker Bowles's tampons. The realm's most exalted male member wishes he could trade in his life to exist as a wad of cotton saturated in sloughed-off menses, and people wonder what's put the disunited into the United Kingdom.

While on a publicity stunt in Abu Dhabi, an Arabian sand center, Prince Tampax was offered a bowl of camel's milk and told that the drink is a powerful aphrodisiac. "Fat lot of use it's going to be to me!" bemoaned the defender of the faith.

In bygone times, during a glorious age upon which the sun has resolutely set, the King of England was among the world's most powerful men. The regal line has devolved to the point where its patriarch looks at life through the wimpery, loath-somely impotent eyes of the terminally untouched mook. The Prince of Prigs probably considers himself too high and mighty to jerk off; the resultant repression accounts for a grown man's desire to immerse himself in bloody vaginal discharge.

Destined to become the most revered king on earth, Prince Charles is a pussy, and an ungrateful pussy at that. Much of Charles's recent airtime was given over to complaining about how rough it is to be him. "I can't describe the horror of it," whinges the loser, whose hardships include a valet who squeezes precisely one inch of toothpaste onto Charles's brush each morning.

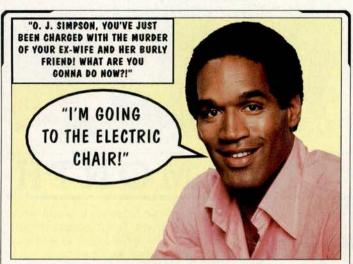
He's supposed to be King, he hates his life, but he's not man enough to do anything about it. Charles, we crown thee Asshole.

Farts in the Wind

Patti Davis: As if being the daughter of former President Ronald Reagan and being linked intimately to members of the Eagles rock group weren't shame enough for any one over-privileged, pouty, brain-lite bimbo, 40-something Patti Davis committed an atrocious disservice to mature women everywhere and the men who long for them by shedding all

her clothes and having pictures of her spoiled-twat body taken for the July 1994 issue of *Playboy* magazine. The accompanying whiny, indulgent, cluelessly self-approving interview revealed that, despite her lack of a credible butt, Patti Davis manages to be all Asshole.

Mickey Mouse: Mr. Mouse started life as a cartoon figure of irreverent fun, but he has come to represent a rapacious, litigious conglomerate of humorless fascists whose contempt for anything sacred in American life is symbolized by Disney's plans for a facilely desecrating theme park near Virginia's Manassas National Battlefield Park. Mickey has a rat's Asshole.



Juice Gone Bad

The fall of football hero O. J. Simpson has been a tragic story. Even if the court proves the gridiron legend did kill two people, HUSTLER prefers to remember the O. J. who spent so many record-breaking seasons slashing down the sidelines and cutting back

upfield as running back for the Buffalo Bills. Instead of belaboring the sad plight of O. J., we hope this one, simple gag serves as a public service message to anyone who erroneously believes that murder is a solution to his or her emotional problems.

Don't Be a Bimbo ...Just Fuck Like One

A girl doesn't have to be a craven, cum-gargling slut to enjoy all the benefits of craven, cum-gargling sluttishness. While the media and many feminist organizations urge women to be conservative cock-baiters. HUSTLER believes just because a girl likes an improper boning, that doesn't make her a yeastie blot upon the face of femininity. Life is short. Have fun. Be young. Get fucked! A pleasure message from HUSTLER Magazine.





A Weird-Angle Lens

Photographer Eric Kroll's pictorial idiosyncrasies have graced publications as disparate as *Vogue* and HUSTLER. Kroll's skewed sexual perspective makes his work much revered around these offices. Now, his most famous fetish photos, including the ones seen here, can be perused at length in *Eric Kroll's Fetish Girls*. This richly packaged, 200-page collection of twisted

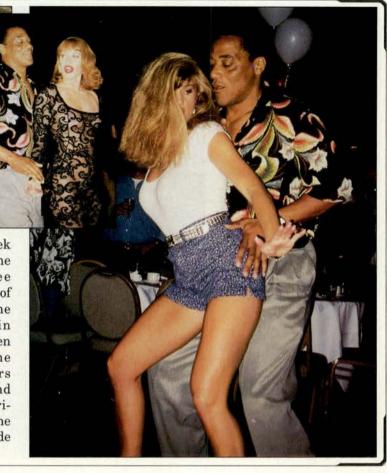
images is a steal at only \$19.99, and makes a perfect companion for those evenings when both brain and balls are longing for stimulation. For purchasing information, hound a bookstore, or write to the publisher at the following address:

Benedikt Taschen Verlag GMBH Hohenzollernring 53 D-50672 Köln Germany.



Al Cowlings may have never been a superstar football player, but when it comes to high-profile chauffeuring, A. C. earns Hall of Fame status. On June 17, 1994, Cowlings, at the wheel of a white Ford Bronco with a suicidal O. J. Simpson in the passenger seat, led the police on a cautious 60-mile trek through California's Los Angeles and

Orange counties. A week later, A. C. attended the porn industry's Free Speech Coalition Night of the Stars benefit at the Universal Sheraton in Southern California. Seen here pulling up to the bumpers of XXX stars Porsche Lynn (left) and Lacey Rose (right), Driving Mr. A. C. reveals the joyrider that lurks inside every getaway driver.

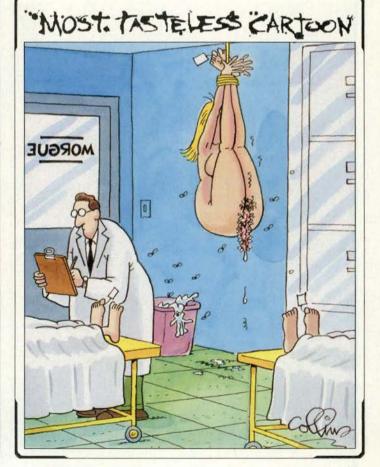




Porn From the Past

"Mabel, if I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times, get your big, fat ass away from the television set when Uncle Miltie's on!" Walter Cheresko earns \$150 for this reminder of a time when black-and-white TV was a man's only excuse for not fuck-

ing the old battle-ax. Bring in some extra cash by sending classic cooze shots to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

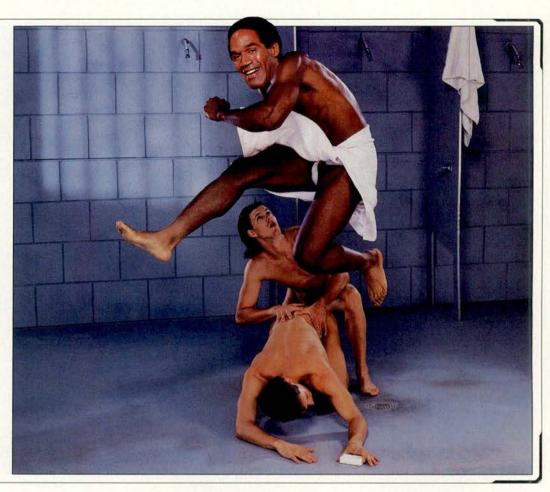


HUSTLER NOVEMBER 7

Anal Sex Hertz

After years of flying through airport terminals and hurdling airport benches in Hertz Rent-A-Car advertisements, alleged mutilator O. J. Simpson may soon find himself in the odd position of hopping homos to save his ass in the prison shower. Though officially dropped as spokesman for the car rental agency, Simpson, if convicted, may one day be hearing a similar pitch, when his fellow inmates say, "Bend over, Juice, and leave the driving to us."

PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. FALLEN HERO'S HEAD PASTED ONTO OUR MODEL'S LEAPING BODY.







Pork the Turkey

The holidays can be a depressing time for those without family and friends. But no need to despair: Even the loneliest person can share in the seasonal cheer. For those lacking a pussy to plug this Thanksgiving,

stuff the bird with something more satisfying than Stovetop. With a fresh turkey and the latest issue of HUSTLER, a man is never alone. Happy holidays from America's most traditional magazine.

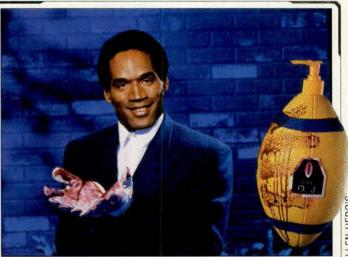


Dian Parkinson's Disease

The flesh-eating streptococcus bacteria is a mosquito bite compared to the devastation of parkinsonorrhea, a disease characterized by a leechlike protuberance resembling former Price Is Right model Dian Parkinson. The deadly parasite was first diagnosed attached to game-show host Bob Barker, soon after the real-life Parkinson sued Barker for a whopping \$8 million in sexual harassment pay for a seemingly consensual romantic relationship of nearly two years. Scientists warn men: Beware of spongy bloodsuckers who use a pusslike pore to pad their purses.



PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. THOUGHTS OF CRAPULENT MASSACHUSETTS SENATOR ARE ENTIRELY CONJECTURAL.



Oil of O. J.™

Relationships can take their toll on a man's wellbeing. Worst of all are the effects of a bitter breakup on a guy's skin. Fortunately, there's a cure. Oil of O. J.™ contains rich arterial emollients, to keep skin looking young and wrinkle-free. Just

splash on this jugular juice late at night and wake up feeling free from the burdens of shedding an ex-wife. Suddenly, worry lines disappear. Oil of O. J.™—Because keeping skin soft can be murder, but looking healthy shouldn't be a crime.

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That's right—the Juice | collected illicit ejaculabattles the jizz when Wadzilla, a slimy mon-

tions of every Japanese businessman who's gone

during the past ten thousand years, tries to destroy America's most ster covered with the on a sex-tour vacation beloved toppled icon Stay tuned.

since Fatty Arbuckle. Who will win the sludge match of the century?



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You Can Whack Off TO THE President's Wife...

Take a hard look at Hillary Rodham Clinton.

Despite her reputation as a manipulating hothead and the sourgrape-flavored jeers from right-wing, self-loathing radio personalities, the First Lady's flaming sexuality is undeniable.

Dive into an eyeful of the First and Second Jugs. Hillary Rodham Clinton's football-like fun-bags are Oval Office-shaped, firmer than a Democrat-controlled economy ever could be and topped with appetizing flesh-miniatures of the Washington Monument that occasionally poke out visibly from beneath her power-suits. The desire to wrap hungry lips around the rose-hued spouts from which the infant Chelsea supped is as American as apple pie—and every bit as tasty.

Eleanor Roosevelt had buck teeth; Hillary Rodham Clinton has butt—tons of it. Little Rock's abundant Lady Macbeth sports a gluteus that's as maximus as her political ambitions, and more inspiring. In addition to being the most outspoken spouse in presidential history, Hillary is the first to require no Secret Service protection: One swivel of those Chelsea-bearing hips, and any attacker is instantly deflected. Beautiful, bulky and bullet-proof: Hillary Clinton's hard-packed hindparts are the stuff a nation's pride—and wet dreams—are made of.

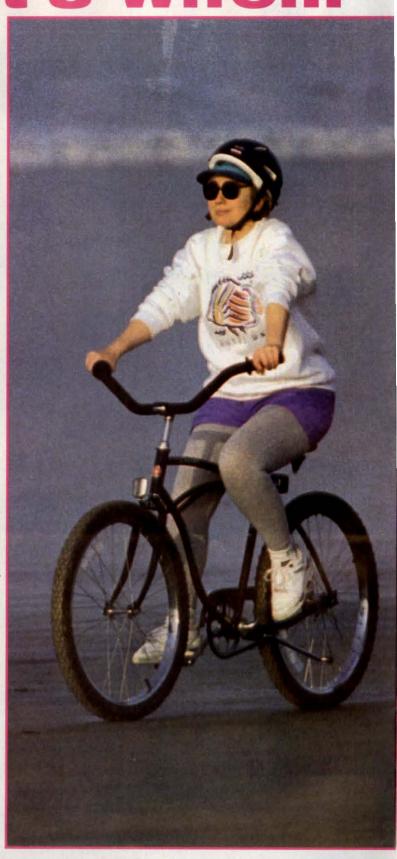
Whether speaking at a commencement ceremony, testifying before Congress or instructing Chelsea on how to properly insert a tampon, Hillary Clinton's mouth perpetually serves some noble purpose. If the Fresh Princess of Pennsylvania Avenue *must* shut up—as so many among the uninspired insist—she should be assigned some cause with which to occupy her oracular gloryhole. Got any suggestions, citizens?

Hillary's ever-changing hairstyle causes too much consternation. So what if her blond locks hang free in hippie fashion, are brushed back for a June Cleaver coif or are curled into a replica of teenage Chelsea's charming mane? Hillary's hair is perfectly acceptable: It remains sufficiently long for impassioned taxpayers to grab fistfuls of it from behind.

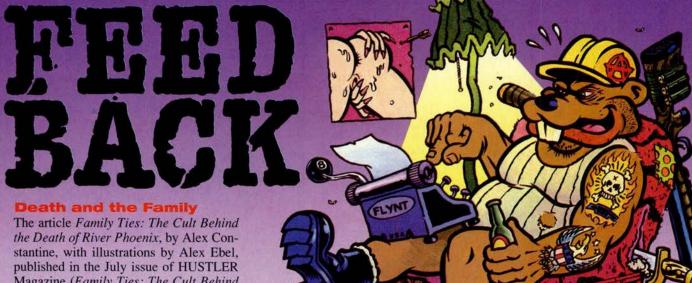
Whitewater equals rough skin—or so it seems. The tribulations of a troubled term appear all-too-frequently across fair Hillary's face. Clearasil may do Chelsea right, but the salve suggested for best soothing Hillary's epidermal woes is the purest one nature has to offer. Hard-working readers ought to be about ready to make just such an offering now.

Hillary Rodham Clinton on a bicycle seat. Orgasmic bliss is one whiff away. Savor the musky, sweaty, USDA-approved thigh-meat. Breathe deep of panties damp with the lingering essence of copresidential pussy lips. Chelsea came out of there. Ride, Hillary, ride. Stroke, reader, stroke.

Advance to the rest of the magazine when ready. Some cleanup may be required.



...or You Can Turn the Page



Magazine (Family Ties: The Cult Behind the Death of River Phoenix, July '94), is a sad example of sensational, irresponsible and unethical journalism. It is clear that the author made no firsthand inquiries, but rather secured most of his erroneous information from other slanderous and ill-willed sources, without making the slightest effort to affirm their veracity or to avail himself of impartial information, which was readily available. Based on this compilation of libelous and pernicious rumors, to then speculate and even impugn that The Family and non-existent "political allies" had reason to silence River Phoenix is reckless and malicious-yellow journalism of the lowest order. The implication of homicide is vicious and libelous, and The Family demands a retraction.

For your information, inflammatory, false accusations of child abuse and other vile acts are the very reason authorities have been moved to conduct literal Gestapo-style raids on our peaceful, lawabiding Christian communities in other countries, causing irreparable trauma and harm to hundreds of small children, which undoubtedly constitutes the only real abuse of which these children have been victims. To date, due to such outlandish accusations as those in HUSTLER's incendiary article, authorities have forcibly examined more than 600 children of Family members, subjecting some to repeated, painful physical examinations. Let us ask this question: How would your children fare under those circumstances? Think about it. In every case, the children were found to be mentally and physically sound, displaying absolutely no evidence of abuse. To the contrary, they were deemed to be intelligent, happy, well-adjusted children, clearly the products of a loving, Christian environment.

Had Alex Constantine and HUSTLER acted professionally and contacted The Family prior to publishing these spurious

allegations, he and HUSTLER would have been provided with numerous official statements and rulings by judges, courts of law, social workers and other authorities worldwide, as well as studies performed by renowned academics, the conclusions of which are diametrically opposed to those falsely presented in HUSTLER's article. With any serious research at all, Alex Constantine and HUSTLER would have found out that the false allegations leveled in this scurrilous article have already been repudiated in courts of law and official investigations around the world, where The



Chasey: Spread Eagle

Family has consistently been found innocent of all wrongdoing.

We consider that journalism of this nature is inducive to the fomentation of hateful intolerance of minority religious movements such as The Family, seriously endangering every precept of religious freedom and basic human rights. We demand that you publish this rebuttal in order to set the record straight and to prevent any further damage or "demonizing" of innocent people. Thank you.

—Daniel Alexander for The Family Whittier, California

With all due respect to The Family of Love and the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States—which protects freedom of religion as well as freedom of speech—HUSTLER stands by Mr. Constantine's article and voluminous, internationally drawn research.

Two Dumb Blonds

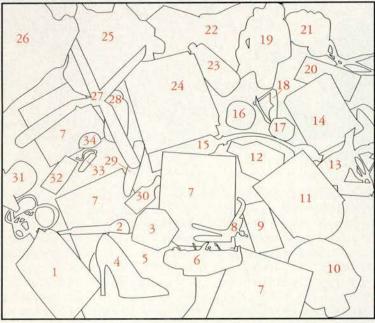
Why does HUSTLER Magazine print an ad parody about the suicide of Nirvana's Kurt Cobain ("The Life and Death of a HUSTLER Parody," Bits & Pieces, August '94), but have only sympathy and respect for the overdose of River Phoenix (Family Ties: The Cult Behind the Death of River Phoenix, July '94)? I would like to state that I am not a big fan of Cobain or Phoenix, but I do know HUSTLER has, in the past, stated that drugs are for losers. So why not a parody about little River Phoenix? How about picturing

(continued on page 17)



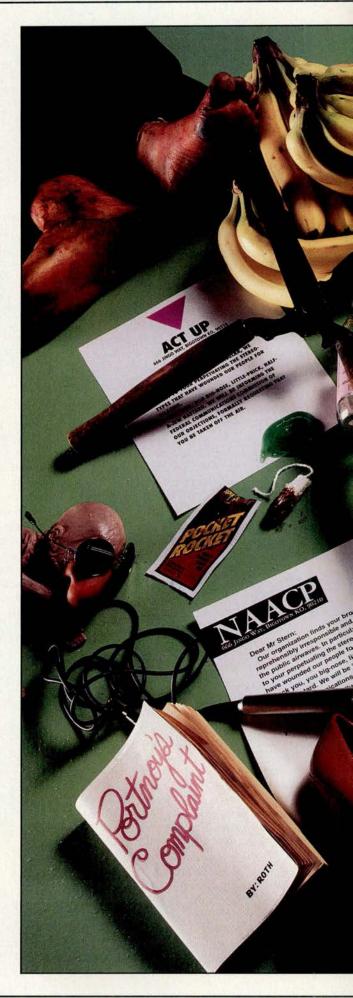
Inside Howard Stern's Nose

America's most famous radio-talk-show host blows the sticky depths of his nasal cavity and discovers the missing mementos of a humorous and horny, foolish and vulnerable life.



- 1. Copy of Portnoy's Complaint
- 2. Realistic Omnidirectional Microphone (600 OHMS)
- Jessica Hahn's next breast implant
- Red patent-leather pump (size 7½ medium, right only)
- 5. Sam Kinison's beret
- 6. FCC commissioner voodoo doll
- 7. Hate letters from B'nai B'rith, Ku Klux Klan, NAACP and ACT UP
- 8. Speculum
- 9. Mr. S. Hits Krapalot Sugar
- 10. Pocket pussy
- 11. 45-rpm record: "Learn to Play Butt Bongo"
- 12. One bottle Jew-fro Sheen Hair Gel
- Doc Johnson "Madam's Butterfly" Personal Stimulator
- 14. Self-improvement manual: How to Make Love to a Woman
- 15. "Handsome Up" Penis Extender
- 16. Handcrafted bagel-and-lox breakfast

- 17. Ball of butt hair from various Hollywood producers
- 18. One pair spare sunglasses
- 19. Clapping monkey
- 20. VHS videocassette: Pissing Patty and Her Talking Parrot
- 21. One pair Bushnell Instafocus 10x50 Binoculars
- 22. Crusty towel
- 23. One 20-ounce bottle generic baby oil
- Reference library of source books
- Producer Ba Ba Booey's payment
- 26. Lenny Bruce's corpse
- 27. Nose-hair clippers
- 28. Empty bottle Snapple (pink lemonade)
- Six-inch "Wham-Oh!" Vibrator (without batteries)
- 30. One hair pick
- 31. Wife's miscarriage
- 32. Sample pack "Pocket Rocket" Quick Energy Carbo Gel (chocolate-flavored)
- 33. Richard Simmons's tampon
- 34. Some snot

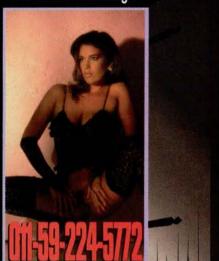




Parody. Not to be taken seriously. We were more afraid of being inhaled than we were curious to see what's up there.

From to the

Jerk off in Jane's Jungle



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Lick it in the Leather & Lace Lounge



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Bang Lesbians in Bath Room



NO CREDIT CARDS

Penetrate Leather Studded Dungeon



Play with Kim Lee in the Oriental Rag Doll House



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No Mercy Spared

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Lick Painted Toe Nails

Seeping through My Lace Panties

Mistress Hungry for a Hard-On

Hannah's Humitiation

Tell the Bitch What to Do

All Tied Up and Nowhere to Go

Hot & Clad in Rubber

Treat Me How You Want

Shaved, Smooth & Oiled

Smell Me Through the Leather

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

River Phoenix in a sex orgy with Mom and Dad at a Family of Love picnic? Or maybe have him lying on the street vomiting up all the drugs he did that fatal night? I've heard that River Phoenix used to speak negatively to people about eating meat, because he was a vegetarian. Yet this guy goes out and puts so many drugs into his body that it kills him. Tell me, doesn't he sound like a major asshole? So, HUSTLER, I'm just wondering where your balls are! Why do you choose to be such pussy hypocrites on this matter? Fuck you!

—T. P.

Chester, New York

Why is Kurt Cobain funnier than River Phoenix? Perhaps because, according to professional-comic consensus, words that start with \underline{k} are crack-ups. In Phoenix's case, only his acting was a joke.

Girltastic!

Even though I just turned 18, I have been reading my older brother's copies of HUSTLER Magazine for about four years now. HUSTLER's a really great magazine, and I have learned a lot from it. I really enjoy *Beaver Hunt*, and I will enter it as soon as I can get someone to take my picture. (And as soon as I get up the nerve to fill out the application!)

I have my brother's issue of the August 1994 HUSTLER open to the Beaver Hunt section, and I am drooling over the picture of Robin (Beaver Hunt, August '94). I hope I look as good as she does when I get to be 38. Robin makes me wish I knew where she lives so I could help her with her fantasy to make another woman come while her husband watches. (Okay—I am bisexual and have been for a long time. It's why I read HUSTLER with my girlfriend!) When I visit Cape Cod with my family soon, I will look all over Wareham, Massachusetts, for Robin.

I love HUSTLER, and I love Robin, and I love Beaver Hunt. But I guess I better wait until next year to enter, because Robin will win this year's Beaver Hunt Grand Prize contest. Unless you and she would consider two winners?

—K. A.

Rome, New York

The sooner you shine from the pages of <u>Beaver Hunt</u>, K. A., the closer to the Grand Prize you'll be!

Health Question

Having just returned from Europe, I read my first issue of HUSTLER in about two years. I was chagrined and disappointed to see *Erotic Entertainment* give *Who Killed Holly Hollywood?* a Fully Erect rating even though the promo shot of Tami Monroe clearly shows a condom in use (*Erotic Entertainment*, July '94).

In my opinion, the presence of condoms in adults-only material automatically destroys the erotic fantasy that the material should create in the viewer. The world is being forced to live with condoms, but patrons of explicit movies and magazines surely should not have to put up with them in our whacking material. The producers of European adult films have debated this concern, and I assure you that viewers of adult tapes will never see a condom in material produced by the major houses overseas.

Condom use in adult videos provides no protection whatsoever, for the simple reason that they are never used properly. A male porn actor is at no more risk of contracting AIDS from anal sex with a woman than he is from oral or vaginal sex with her, yet routinely a condom is used only during ass-fucking. Nor is it used to protect the woman, because usually the man strips off the rubber and shoots his load into the woman's mouth, or, what is more dangerous for her, into her freshly fucked asshole.

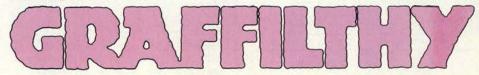
HUSTLER can do its readers a great service by surveying the use of condoms in the videos that Erotic Entertainment reviews and informing its readers that they are there. Since, presumably, few customers will pay to see condoms, the adult-film industry will be forced to eliminate this fake security blanket and develop effective disease-prevention schemes that do not undermine the fantasy quotient of their product. And if the old-timers are not willing to take the small risk required by their chosen profession, then we, the viewers, will be happy to see some new faces. Good riddance! Please, HUSTLER, help stamp out rubbers in adult videos! —J. G.

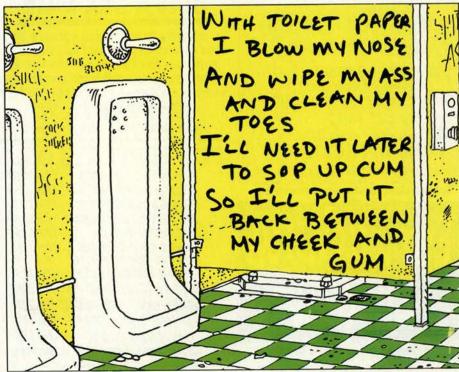
Atlanta, Georgia

You pop a good latex bubble, J. G., but HUSTLER declines to tell sexually active adults, in or out of the adult-film industry, whether or not to glove it.

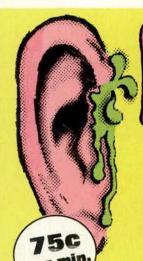
Health Answer

I am a 33-year-old male with what I believe to be average sexual experience as well as average knowledge of the human anatomy, but I was shocked at what I learned in HUSTLER's Sex Play ("Trouble in the Gland: The Pleasure and Pain (continued on page 25)





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Brews and Bra-Busters

LIVINGE TEST

1994 Beer Taste Test

Photography by Ladi von Jansky

The Judges' Qualifications

Kaylan: She grew up in Milwaukee, the beer capital of America, and has a habit of getting drunk and naked in public places.

Norma Jeane: Hailing from beer-happy Canada, Norma Jeane drinks a six-pack a day and has a pair of hooters we were dving to see.

Chasey: She gets drunk easily and looks almost as good *in* Levi's as she does out of them.

The Beers

Rolling Rock Amstel Light Miller Lite Heineken Budweiser Guinness

The Rules

Every judge drank the same beer at the same time to assure consistent commentary. The girls didn't know what brand they were drinking until the end of each round of testing. To ensure maximum drunkenness, each judge had to drain her glass bottom up before the next sample was shoved in her face.

Preconceived Notions

HUSTLER: Before we start drinking, what is your favorite beer?

Kaylan: Icehouse.

Norma Jeane: I'd say Bud. Chasey: I like champagne. But, in a beer, maybe Michelob Light.



(Left to right) Norma Jeane, Kaylan Nicole and Chasey Lain.

Beer One: Rolling Rock

12:15 p.m. The judges settle into a booth and light up the first in a chain of cigarettes. At this point, the girls' speaking is clear and concise, and they seem slightly reserved as the waiter brings the first round.

Chasey: Tastes flat.

Kaylan: It's not heavy at all; it's really light.

Chasey: Tastes like water, actually.

Norma Jeane: It's okay if you don't want to get drunk. The most important thing is the head. [Laughs.] No, I mean like a thick, hearty beer.

HUSTLER: While you consider that beer, list your

movie credits.

Chasey: I'm under contract with Wicked Pictures to do 12 movies. I also did some bondage stuff.

HUSTLER: Give us your résumé, Kaylan.

Kaylan: I've made about 15 movies. I did one bondage movie. I like bondage. I'd like to do a lot more of it. Unfortunately, it doesn't pay quite as well as [straightsex flicks], because you can't actually penetrate.

Chasey: In Europe, you can whip and fuck.

Kaylan: American people are so narrow-minded. They

make me sick.

HUSTLER: And Norma Jeane, what have you done? Norma Jeane: I'm just getting started in this business. I've done like eight movies. Mostly girl-girl.

HUSTLER: Like it so far?

Norma Jeane: Uh-huh. I like it a lot.

HUSTLER: Most girls say they like porn at first, then they're gone from the business a week later. Will that happen to you?

Norma Jeane: I don't know. If you like sex, obviously

this is the business to be in.

HUSTLER: Are there girls who've done this for a long

time who actually still like it?

Chasey: Debi Diamond. She still likes it. Kaylan: I think she more than likes it.

Norma Jeane: If you don't like it, quit. It's that simple.

Chasey: Tell us what this beer is.

HUSTLER: Rolling Rock. Chasey: It's pretty good.



Round One: The girls settle into pints of Rolling Rock.

Beer Two: Amstel Light

12:35 p.m. Initial barriers have come down. Sentences are still crisply spoken, but the first signs of beer buzz are recognizable as the second round arrives.

Kaylan: This is very carbonated. It's very strong and smells more skunky.

Chasey: It's stronger than the other one.

Norma Jeane: It's good though.

Chasey: Yeah, it's good. I'm gonna have to use the

restroom shortly.

Kaylan: I can really feel the carbonation. Like when you're really thirsty, and you down a Coke and get that stinging feeling.

Chasey: We're going to be wasted. [Giggles.] We're

doing this all day?

Norma Jeane: I'm drunk. [Laughs.]

HUSTLER: Tell us about the first time you did a sex

scene on film.

Kaylan: I had to fuck Rocco Siffredi. I'm a sucker for a foreign language; so when I fucked Rocco, he spoke French the whole time. I was ready to explode! **HUSTLER:** What's the wildest thing you've ever done on film?













CLAM STUFFING

Most people are born into families they despise. I married into mine. When my wife, Stevie, informed me that she had promised we would join her folks for Thanksgiving dinner, I ingested the news like I would a hunk of dogshit. I agreed only because I like it when Stevie owes me something. If I suffered through the holiday with my in-laws, Stevie would let me dress her up to repay the favor.

Stevie's got long, tan legs that don't need pantyhose to make them smooth. Aside from a brief curl of silky bush, she's covered with invisible down. Her ass resembles the proverbial duck eggs in a napkin. To collect on the debt, I planned to make her put on a short, silk dress-no bra or panties underneath. We'd then hit a fashionable restaurant, where I would feel her up under the table while getting smashed on cabernet sauvignon. The smell of pussy on my fingers brings out the taste of fine wine.

Stevie's parents live in a trailer park. Nothing could get me to consider the dump they call home a dwelling for humans. It's more like a four-room outhouse, except the shit is on the walls.

The only way I can tolerate my inlaws is to hit the generic vodka like it's water. Immediately after setting foot in their shack, I made a beeline for the liquor. Stevie's dad was already nosehigh into the juice. This was no surprise; Stevie is the only member of her family who's not a certified alcoholic. I had never seen her old man blasted so early into holiday proceedings though. As it turned out, there had been bad news. Eyes tearing from a double shot, the gillsoaked geezer told me the savings and loan in which he and Stevie's mother had invested had gone bankrupt.

decked out for feasting.

My father-in-law proceeded to pass out as soon as he had cleaned his plate. After a moment's stab at small talk, Stevie's mother slumped, her head dropping to her chest. By the third nod, she, too, was out like a lamp.

"I'll get the coffee," Stevie said, unsteadily rising from her seat. Stevie and I were both in our cups. We'd shared a few bottles of cheap wine over the meal. As she started for the kitchen, I smacked her butt, hitting it just hard enough to make the supple flesh bounce like jelly.

"My folks," Stevie hissed drunkenly. She attempted to wriggle past me, but I grabbed her by the hips and held her in place. Stevie was dressed in stonewashed jeans and a halter top, leaving her midriff bare. Intoxicated by the satinsoft touch of her flesh, I stopped swallowing the drool that had welled up in my mouth and freely dribbled onto the small of her back.

"Fucker!" cried Stevie, struggling to escape. Locking one hand around her belt, I dipped my finger into a cold pud-



dle of cranberry sauce and drew EAT ME onto the curvy canvas of her turkeystuffed stomach. Stevie responded by grabbing a lump of icy mashed potatoes and smearing it over my mouth. Grinning, I opened wide and sucked half her hand down my throat.

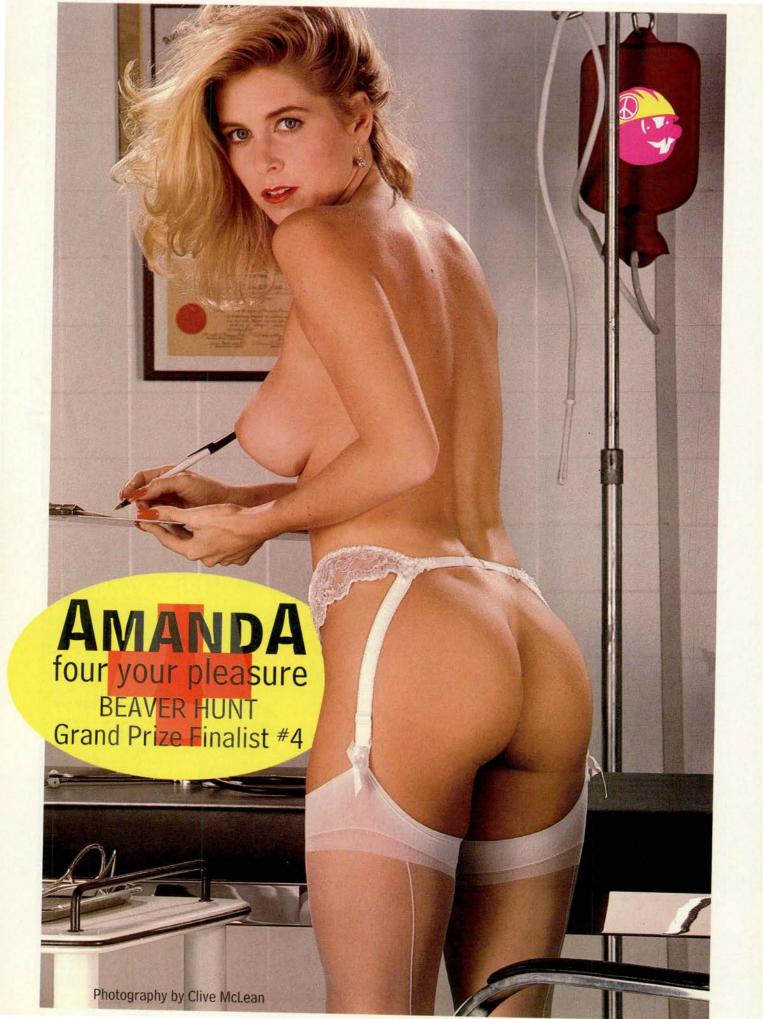
My wine-soused wife immediately dropped her bottom into my lap. I felt the sharp bones in her pelvis shift within her jeans as she twisted this way and that to rub her pussy mound into the hardening knot in my pants. I leaned forward to kiss her, but she withdrew, repelled by the potato leavings speckling my lips. To equalize the playing field, I dipped my own hand into the congealed potatoes and swabbed her face. A momentary expression of rage crossed Stevie's face, but then came a mischievous look I hadn't seen since we were dating. After making certain her parents were out cold, Stevie yanked off her tiny top. Scooping up a handful of whipped cream from the ruins of the pumpkin pie, she anointed each of her nipples and invited me to lick them clean.

My stomach was full—it was my dick that was hungry. I took one berry nipple between my teeth and bit down hard. Stevie squealed. In retaliation, she picked up a ladle brimming with lukewarm gravy and poured the shit-colored slime down the open front of my Izod shirt. Then she untucked the shirttail from my trousers and ran her hands through the goo, smearing meaty sauce across my hairy chest and into my armpits.

I pulled off my shirt and rubbed my gravy-sodden chest into her titties. Stevie then took the bone of a turkey drumstick from her dad's plate. Placing it between her breasts, she slid the slimy bird leg up and down the length of her boobs like a greasy dog in a tit bun. After a minute, she put the bone between her teeth, reached down and unbuttoned my Levi's. When my red cock popped out, Stevie got out of my lap and squatted between my spread legs. Wrapping her gristle-wiped tits around my rod, she proceeded to do to my dick what she'd done to the turkey bone.

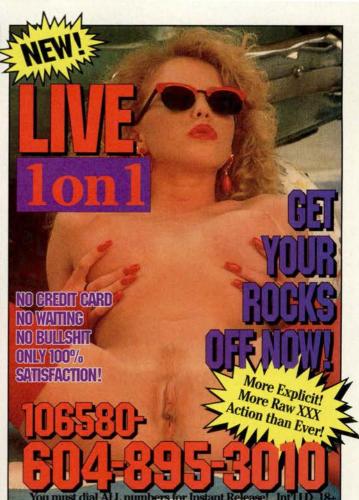
My cock took to the tit-fuck like a burned finger to butter. When I felt my balls about to blast, I pulled Stevie to her feet, unzipped her jeans and wrestled the tight denim off her long body. As I was running my food-stained hand up her thighs, Stevie stopped me before I could part her puffy-lipped twat.

"You're not going to stick any fucking (continued on page 35)















Kaylan: I stuck my tongue in Debi Diamond's butt. Chasey: Kaylan threw liver and onions all over me. Kaylan: It was raw. I rubbed the stuff all over her like this. [Kaylan mashes her hands into Chasey's tits.] I had always wanted to do that. And the liver was nice

Chasey: The food was everywhere—on my butt, tits

and pussy. It was really disgusting.

Kaylan: And it smelled like rotten pussy.

Chasey: Then we washed it off and had sex.

HUSTLER: Who's the most fun to fuck on film?

Chasey: T. T. Boy is fun.

and pink, just the way I like it.

Kaylan: I like Tommy [Byron]. I like to play with his

butt. I like sticking things up guys' butts. **HUSTLER:** What about Peter North?

Chasey: Peter North is so big.

Kaylan: I've had anal sex with him. It was okay, but Peter's just too big. I like T. T. Boy because he's rough. I like to be fucked hard. When I fucked T. T. Boy, he pulled half my hair out. He is such a prick that he's great for me.

HUSTLER: Do you look for those aggressive quali-

ties in a chick?

Kaylan: Actually, I want a girl to start off really light until her touch is so soft you can't stand it anymore. One time, I had this scene with Debi that started off really light, but by the end I had almost my whole foot shoved in her pussy.

Norma Jeane: The whole foot?

Kaylan: Well, we started with the big toe and kind of went from there.

Chasey: We love you, Debi!

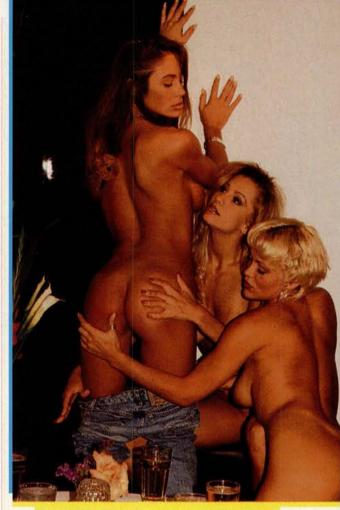
HUSTLER: So who's bad to work with?

Chasey [looking at her manager]: Nobody's bad; everybody's just different. What's this beer, anyway?

HUSTLER: Amstel Light.

Norma Jeane: Wow! It's not really light.

Chasey: It's very tart.



Chasey slips out of her jeans and into Round Three.

Beer Three: Miller Lite

1:10 p.m. While Chasey uses the bathroom, Kaylan and Norma Jeane talk like teenagers at a slumber party. Sentences are now punctuated with giggles and titty-pinching. After a brief discussion about breast size, the third round commences.

Chasey: This is the best. This is very good.

Kaylan: It's very good. It's a medium between the first one and the second one, and it's perfect.

Norma Jeane: I love it; it's my favorite so far.

HUSTLER: Have you ever been in a situation where a guy bought you drinks, and you ended up having sex with him at the bar?

Chasey: No, not for drinks.

Norma Jeane: We've had sex with each other in bars though.

HUSTLER: Let's hear about that.

Norma Jeane: We were in the bathroom at the Viper Room [the Hollywood club partly owned by Johnny Depp, outside of which River Phoenix died]. There are bars on the windows; so we could see these guys walking by outside, and we were pretending we were in trouble, yelling, "Help! Help!" All the while Chasey was licking my pussy in the stall.

Chasey: So, what beer is this?

HUSTLER: Miller Lite. Everyone: All right!

Chasey: This is a good beer. Don't take it away.



Battle scars: Kaylan's pole burn.

Beer Four: Heineken

1:45 p.m. Sentences are now shattered by loud bursts of laughter. A further discussion of tits leads to a comparison, shirts tossed aside. The girls, topless and slamming the fourth round, are oblivious to other bar patrons.

Kaylan [making a distorted face like she's holding a full bladder]: I don't like it. It's dry and sour.

Norma Jeane: It's really strong.

Chasey: This tastes like shit; I don't like it.

Kaylan: It's the kind of beer you drink to get drunk. I don't like this beer.

don't like this beet.

Norma Jeane: It's a manly beer.

HUSTLER: Do you think you'd like the kind of guy who'd drink this beer?

Norma Jeane: Yeah, maybe. I like the caveman type. A guy like Bam-Bam.

HUSTLER: Feminists would have us believe most women want a guy who's sensitive and shy.

Chasey: Yecch! Guys have to have an attitude. The harder it is to turn guys on, the more fun it is.

Kaylan: I like the challenge.

HUSTLER: What about other girls? You all seem comfortable touching tits. Do you enjoy lesbianism after the cameras turn off?

Kaylan: Oh, yeah. Not all women think this way, but we're very open sexually.

HUSTLER: Would you ever pick up a girl in a bar and have sex with her?

Chasey: If she was a good-looking girl, yes. I'm attracted to the same type of woman as I am man: confident and cocky.

Kaylan: Pit bulls.

Chasey: Yeah, I like them to have an attitude and not take shit from anybody.

HUSTLER: Do you enjoy the power struggle between you and the other person in a relationship?

Chasey: That's what keeps things interesting.

Norma Jeane: So, what is this beer?

HUSTLER: Heineken. **Everyone:** *Eeeeww!*

Kaylan: I would only drink this if I wanted to get

drunk and there was nothing else around.

Beer Five: Budweiser

2:10 p.m. Sentences are now interrupted to grab tits. Pants and shorts have been discarded to see, in one girl's words, "How this vinyl booth feels against my butt." Words slur as the fifth round of contenders hits the table.

Chasey: This tastes like water.

Kaylan: It's very light.

Norma Jeane: I like this. I think it's Bud.

HUSTLER [pointing to the puckering-lips tattoo on Kaylan's butt cheek]: Is that a permanent tattoo?

Kaylan: Yes.

HUSTLER: It's very nice. How do you girls keep in

such good shape?

Norma Jeane: Dancing, mostly.

Chasey: Dancing on the road is better than a workout. HUSTLER: Ever have any weird things happen onstage? Kaylan: We get skin burns all the time. Some clubs have slick, hardwood floors. Look at this burn I got on my butt last week. I've also got a scar on my knee.

Norma Jeane: How'd you get that?

Kaylan: I was so into my set this one time, I didn't even know I was cut. I went backstage, and all this blood was streaming down my leg.

HUSTLER: Have you ever had any wild sexual experiences while drunk on beer?

[Everyone laughs.]

Chasey: Oh, my God!

Norma Jeane: That's 99 percent of the time. I met this guy in a bar where I was dancing, and we went for coffee after I was done. But he took me to a park instead. It was about two in the morning, and he tied me to a tree and took off all my clothes and fucked me right there. He wrapped my legs around him and just started fucking; my ass was banging against the bark, and I had marks all over my back. It was really hot. But then he left me there. I was naked, tied to a fucking tree, and I was like, "Where are you going?" I got scared because it was really dark, and I didn't know him. But I couldn't yell for help because I was naked in a public place. Finally, after about an hour, he came back, apologized and fucked me again. It was wild!

Chasey: What kind is this beer?

HUSTLER: Budweiser.

Norma Jeane: I knew it. This beer's great.



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ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 17)

of the Prostate," Sex Play, July '94). I had no idea that prostate troubles were so common, so deadly, or even that fairly young to middle-aged men were at risk from it. I had a general idea where the prostate was located, but did not know exactly where it was or what its purpose was. This was not something covered in "the birds and the bees," nor do I recall much being said about it in sex-ed classes in school.

I would imagine that because of HUSTLER's "Trouble in the Gland," a large number of men all over the world are now aware of a part of their bodies that they should have been taught about a long time ago. Thanks.

—T. F.

Deer Lodge, Montana

Dad Burned

My daughter is currently attending a major university in the state in which we live. She is carrying some very heavy-weight classes, such as analytical chemistry, calculus, etc., but is maintaining very close to a 4.0 grade-point average.

Even though she is accomplishing this feat, she does not qualify for any scholarships, grants or aid of any kind because, according to the qualifications of such financial aid, her father makes "too much money."

Truth is, by the time her father gets his paycheck, and the feds and others take over 42% of it, what's left is pretty meager. I see that, in the federal breakdown of things, a very large percentage of my tax dollar goes to pay for social and welfare programs, something else my daughter cannot qualify for because I make too much money.

One investment I do make is a subscription to HUSTLER Magazine. It is one of the better deals in life, and I feel it is money well-spent. Lately, however, I have noticed an increase of black pussy in the magazine. This disturbs me, because I know that much of my tax dollar goes to pay for black, bastard welfare babies whose fathers have neither jobs nor the guts to stick around and support what they have created.

Since I work very hard to earn the money I have, I would appreciate it if HUSTLER would not picture any more black pussy, because it is the working man's magazine, and seeing those portals through which pass one of the reasons I end up with so little money is like a slap in the face.

—A. P.

Dulles, Virginia

Though your frustration is understandable, A. P., through the portals of which you speak have passed a great many great Americans, including black researcher Granville T. Wood, who in 1884 invented the electrical telephone transmitter. So give your daughter a call, and chill.

Eye Guy

I went out and bought the August 1994 HUSTLER, and I came across the woman of my dreams: Chasey (*Chasey: Spread Eagle*, August '94).

I know this is going to sound kind of weak, but the most beautiful thing about Chasey—aside from her bodacious tits, curved figure and ripe, pink cunt—is her eyes. Chasey has the most gorgeous eyes I've ever seen on a woman. Thank you, HUSTLER.

Chasey, if you are reading this, you are my dream lover, and I'll never forget your beautiful eyes. —Chasey Crazy Grand Forks, North Dakota

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

HOT & NASTY! CALL 1-800-HUSTLER!













HUSTLER'SKILLED We were afraid we'd alienate our vegetarian readership with this new twist on one of the most controversial covers in HUSTLER history.

Cover #2

NOVEMBER 1994 • \$5.99

A GUT

OF MEAT.







"Make mine a double!"



Handfuls and mouthfuls: Guzzling is fun!



Muck of the Irish: The girls don't go for Guinness.

Beer Six: Guinness

2:35 p.m. Sentences no longer exist. Words and phrases overlap like the girls' legs, which are intertwined beneath the table. Taking a break from the rigorous testing procedure, the judges form a nude pyramid, accomplished with minor difficulties. Meanwhile, back at the bar....

Chasey: I definitely won't like this; it's a black beer.

Norma Jeane: No, it looks great. It gives great head. [Laughs.]

Chasey: This is gross. I can't drink it.

Kaylan: Tastes like ca-ca.

Chasey: It tastes bitter and very flat.

Kaylan: It tastes like someone mixed shit and piss.

As the Guinness stagnated, the girls grew restless and found new ways to pose for the camera. Sadly, law prohibits several of these shots from being shown. In the end, as the judges fumbled to find their clothes, the findings of the day's drinking were determined.



The Panel's Consensus

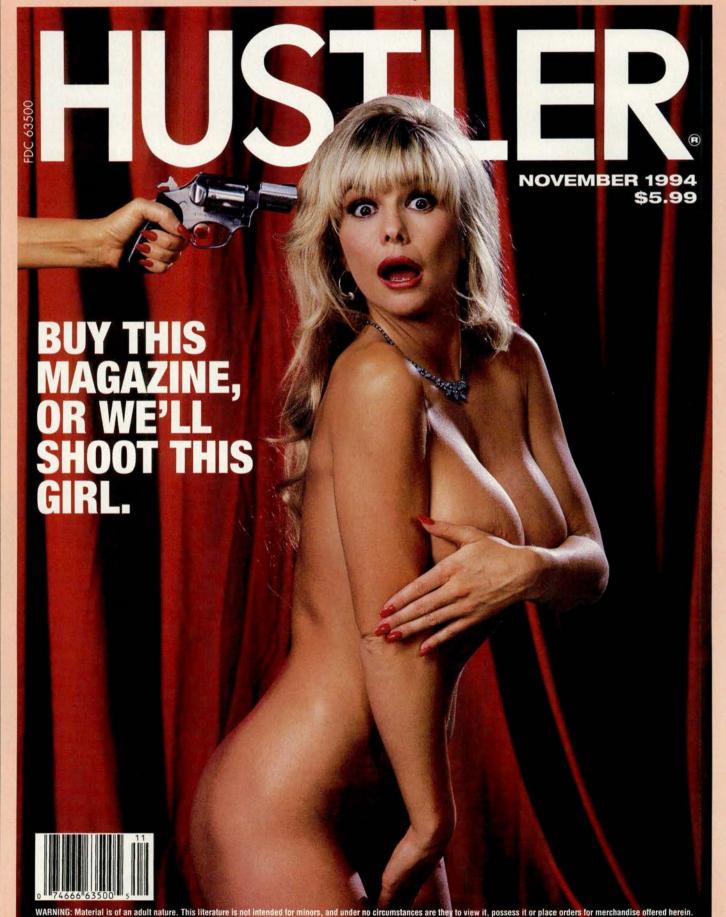
Favorite brew: Miller Light. Runner-up: Budweiser. Losers: Heineken and Guinness.

HUSTLER thanks the owners of the Martini Club on Melrose Avenue in Hollywood, California, for letting us get drunk and naked in their bar.

For fan club information, or to find out how these girls sobered up, write to Chasey Lain, Kaylan Nicole or Norma Jeane at 9800-D Topanga Canyon Boulevard, Suite 352, Chatsworth, CA 91311.

Each month, HUSTLER editors painstakingly select the cover that best represents the honor and outrage readers expect from America's Magazine. Not all our concepts make it to the newsstand. For the November '94 issue alone, five ideas were shot, then pulled at the last minute. This cover, for example, was killed in deference to animal-rights activists, Cover #1

who might have felt we were minimizing the plight of helpless creatures.



HOT LETTERS

(continued from page 32)

Stevie took the bone of a turkey drumstick from her dad's plate. Placing it between her breasts, she slid the slimy bird leg up and down like a greasy dog in a tit bun.

cooking up there!" she said vigorously. I took a clean napkin and wiped my mouth; so Stevie allowed my to press my tongue against her labia. The curly hairs of her demure bush held bits of sweetsmelling cranberry sauce from when I had painted her tummy. I varied the time I spent tonguing her salty pussy by licking her sugary pubic locks.

She greased up my cock with lumpy gravy, and I fucked her fist with long, steady strokes. Crying with outrage because she could not resist her own nasty impulse, Stevie impaled her face on my seasoned cock. Her appetite was greater than her mouth capacity. Although she gagged, she pushed my pecker straight down her throat. To help her along as she squatted in front of me, I stuck my steel-tipped boot between her legs. Eagerly humping my weathered footwear, Stevie gripped the leather with her gash, dousing the boot with aromatic lap liquid.

My swollen balls, contracted tight against my crotch, could hold out no longer. As I pulled out of Stevie's dripping mouth, glittering ropes of spit and precum connected my dick and her tongue. Stevie's parents barely stirred. Right in front of their unconscious faces, I spattered the remainders of their Thanksgiving dinner with spunk.

Stevie popped our food-encrusted clothes into the washer. Dressed in nothing but an apron, she cleaned the mess. By the time Stevie had put away the leftovers, our clothes were out of the dryer. We woke her parents and sent them off to bed, none the wiser.

—R. B.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

while Belinda was out of town. His sex partner was not flesh and bone, however: It was a rubber doll, purchased at an adult-novelty store. Humiliated, Mike had pulled the deflated sex toy out of the closet to prove his story. Sure enough, the blond strands in Belinda's clenched hand had matched the hair on the mannequin. I agreed to assist Belinda in exacting her revenge.

Telling my husband I had to attend a meeting to plan the annual neighborhood potluck, I set out for Belinda's at the appointed hour.

Belinda met me at her back door and handed me a boutique bag. Inside were a few lingerie items, which Belinda instructed me to change into.

Dressed in a black-lace half-bra and stockings, I came out of the bathroom to find Belinda outfitted in an identical manner. She led me into the bedroom.

Mike sat naked on their queen-size bed. Sitting beside me, Belinda ordered her husband to commence fucking the rubber woman.

"Your punishment, dog," Belinda told Mike, "is to make love to that big-titted balloon while we watch." Shamefaced, Mike stared forlornly at the doll's lifeless eyes and halfheartedly tugged on his wiener.

"You're not doing it the way I want to see you do it!" Belinda complained. As we had agreed earlier, she lay down beside me. I straddled her in exactly the same way Mike straddled the dummy.

"Touch her breasts," Belinda instructed her husband. "Like this." My open palms came to rest on my friend's boobies, which were barely contained by the flimsy lace bra. Mike looked questioningly at the both of us. Then he placed his hands on the sex doll's molded plastic tits for a tentative feel.

My hands gently caressed Belinda's expanding areolas. Soon her rubbery nipples were poking up through the space between my fingers.

"Now lick them. Tease them with your tongue," Belinda commanded her husband. "You see? Plastic tits are rough and hard. Real ones like mine are soft and giving."

Obediently, Mike pressed his mouth against the fake mams just as I pressed my own against Belinda's real ones. Swirling my tongue around Belinda's stiffened nipples, I stole a glimpse at Mike's growing penis. The mushroom cap looked more than twice the size of what I had seen before.

Belinda moaned and arched her back, (continued on page 45)

PAY WITH PLASTIC

I'm a suburban housewife. Most of my girlfriends who have office jobs tell me they envy me my free time, but not my closest friend, Belinda, who loves the responsibilities of executive management.

When Belinda recently returned from a business trip to Albuquerque, we met for lunch. Picking the cheese out of her Cobb salad, Belinda broke down and confessed that she had caught her husband, Mike, philandering. It seems she had come home to discover long, blond hairs in their bed. Belinda is a brunette.

"Who is she?" Belinda had demanded of Mike. The poor guy could only stammer. After continued interrogation, Mike admitted he had been screwing around



"I think I tried anal sex once, but I was really drunk."

Gutter!

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BUTTMAN'S INFERNO

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by John Stagliano; starring Angela Summers, Jasper, Cindy Jones, Sydney, Sheena, Krysti Lynn, Patrick Collins, Tim Lake, Gerry Pike, Jeff Aucky, Buck Adams and John Stagliano. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

He's back, and as butt-maniacal as ever. John Stagliano, the most reliable director currently in raunchdom, revives his signature Buttman series with a blaze. Buttman's Inferno opens with footage of the 1993 Malibu, California, fires on the brink of engulfing Stagliano's mountainside headquarters, stately Butt Manor. Fleeing the flames, Buttman and his carnal cohort, Roscoe Bowltree (Patrick Collins), end up at a sweltering New Zealand strip bar, where they hook up with

Buttman's Inferno: Buck's boff-stick, Sydney's slit, Jasper's juggle.

professional undresser Jeff Aucky. Amid a throng of hysterical Kiwi cooze, Buttman and new pal Aucky bare all astride the nightclub's runway. The daring dudes' peel sessions provide *Inferno* with its only flawed segment: Too much male nudity is on display for too long a time before the audience of baying-for-ballsauce females flash flesh as well. Finally, a half dozen beer-jacked, hyper-sexed, heaving-bosomed harlots descend on Aucky at once, and *Buttman's Inferno* boils over. Stagliano's typically topflight eroticism is sustained throughout each of the tape's long, singularly satisfying sex scenes, right up to the scintillating Sydney-Jasper-Buck Adams pileup/butt-fuck finale. Each girl in *Inferno* is prettier than the last,

and Stagliano extracts impossibly scorching performances from every one of them. Particular standouts include the mega-mammaried Sydney, the awesomely Amazonian Sheena, agile, athletic Krysti Lynn and—most especially the searing and endearing Cindy Jones, an adorable redhead from Down Under with great boobies, a magic ass and a gorgeous smile who gets off all over Aucky. Burn a path directly to the nearest video store for Buttman's Inferno. -Selwyn Harris



Buttman's: Jones points to where she likes bones.

HUSTLER NOVEMBER



EIGHT IS NEVE

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Frank Marino; starring Leena, Tara Monroe, Deborah Welles, Krista, Tom Byron, T. T. Boy, Steven St. Croix, Dizzy Blonde, Jake Williams and Terry Thomas. Videocassette: Zane.

Particularly when counting brain cells, *Eight Is Never Enough*. No more than that number of cerebral units were functioning during the opening segments of *Eight*, which—if viewed with disbelief entirely suspended; expelled, in fact—take place in a police squad room. These guys look about as much like cops as any suspect who gets picked up for common mopery and no visible means of support. The stunted, stupid dialogue seems wholly new and awkwardly unfamiliar to these actors, as does the process of speaking. Steven St. Croix puts pole into the hole of a generic ginch; her big pussy stays in fully open bloom after he pulls out to shoot on her bush. "Very tepid" describes all else, including Leena taking on every male in the cast in a textbook display of botched gang-bang logistics that features a low energy level and male elbows and backs obscuring all points of interest. *Eight* ain't nearly enough.

—*Christian Shapiro*



Tommyknockers: Guess which one is named "Towers"?



Rim Job Rita: Tabitha. Peter North. Fucking.



Never Enough: Enough already, stick it in.



THE TOMMYKNOCKERS

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Tiffany Towers, Beatrice Valle, Nicole London, Barbara Doll, Kimberly Chambers, Gerry Pike, Jonathan Morgan and Mickey Ray. Videocassette: Coast-to-Coast.

Even the most steadfast opponent of silicone breast implants will be humbled by Tiffany Towers, a strip-circuit superstar whose two titanic torso-globes (she claims they measure 88GGG or some other such algebraic ridiculousness) wobble, bounce and coax up viewers' bozack-batter with an undulating, pervasive goodness uncannily close to that of the real thing(s). Besides Herculean hooterage, Towers boasts an all-around ogle-worthy physique and a cutie-pie face equally suited for cheek-pinching and puckering up around clits and cocks. She takes on every cast member in *The Tommyknockers* (she plays some sort of magical sex pixie or something), usually in multi-participant meat-piles, offering a treat to the loins of onlooking hand-lovers everywhere. *Tommyknockers* swings along briskly, the groin-tussles are terrifically executed, and Towers, technically and otherwise, is one true knockout.

—S. H.



RIM JOB RITA

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Heather Lee, Nikki Sinn, Brigitte Amie, Tabitha, Jonathan Morgan, Peter North and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Sin City.

The quartet of hard-currency quim in *Rim Job Rita* are supposed to be four sorority sisters exchanging their nastiest sexual fantasies while sitting around in hooker lingerie. *Rim Job's* nastiest fantasy seems to be "getting plugged in the butt by T. T. Boy while leaning up against an old pickup truck," since the Boy/bunghole/truck scenario is visited upon two of the four pseudo-Greek ginches. The camerawork, though proficiently focused upon functionally attractive screw-holes, is inspired by almost as much imagination as imbues the "nasty" fantasies. A double dildo connects a butt-to-butt anal bop; a colon-choked cock spits up splooge into a gaping sphincter-ring; schlong schlepps from shitter to face—*Rita* has no shortage of anal reaming, but anyone looking for the promised tongue-swabbed rosebud will find only the taste of deceptive titling from *Rim Job*.

—*C. S.*

Touch That Dial!

Like customers at a fast-fuck restaurant, subscribers to the Adam and Eve Channel had it their way when the cable network aired Pajama Party Live, its first-ever interactive phone-sex show.

By dialing an 800 number flashed onscreen and punching up a touch-tone menu, horny home viewers could order their pick of 14 scantily clad porn stars to do to themselves and each other whatever broadcast cable standards would allow.





One menu selection accessed Porsche Lynn and Nina Hartley touching tongues through the former's nipple-ring; another showcased long, tall Sahara rubbing cat-suited Summer Knight's clit like she was attempting to remove a carpet stain, while encouraging the female caller to do herself with ice.

The camera didn't always move quickly enough to follow the girls' speedy realization of their on-line instructions, and technical snafus were apparent (at one point, audio of Sahara was imposed on a visual of Leena looking dangerously like she was really eating Celeste), but overall the event was a high-tech triumph in the annals of masturbatory science.

Adam and Eve promises more interactive action to come: A show starring a bevy of America's most bodacious strippers is slated for September, allowing video voyeurs to reach out and watch someone touch someone yet again. —Penny Marie Salvo







ROCCO UNLEASHED

Half Erect. Directed by Gail Force and Jim Powers; starring Rocco Siffredi, Heather Lee, Kimberly Chambers, Barbara Doll, Kirsty Way, Jasper, Beverly Glenn, Trinity Lane, Valeria, Chase Manhattan and Brooke. Videocassette: Sin City.

Though it is the only one that functions to any real effect, and it spews but a single ejaculation, the stiff-and-ready dick of Mr. Siffredi packs a plenitude of pussy in *Rocco Unleashed*, particularly when such snatch index is measured by plumbed inches. Basically the gender reversal of a gang-bang-girl tape, *Unleashed* pits Rocco's penis against a pack of hungry-hole porn broads. Showing how he gets along so well with women, Rocco reverently kisses all their asses before plunging his prong from behind into each wet probe. These American beavers are eager to devour the tasty Italian: Two or three at a time suck his ass as he plows gash. To report objectively, Rocco does work up a much greater sweat than do any of the squints in this extended scene of lopsided group sex, but he's still a dick any guy could be proud of.

—C. S.



Unleashed: Siffredi in a sea of snizz.

CHRISTOPHER

PUSSY, MA

SOME VIDEO CREATORS PURSUE BIG TITS, OTHERS CHASE A WHOLE LOT OF TAIL, BUT FOR SNATCH PRODUCTIONS' DAVID CHRISTOPHER, THE OBJECT OF WHACK DEVOTION IS PURE PUSSY. LOTS OF PUSSY. AND IF IT'S ALL CLAMPED DOWN WITH BIZARRE CLIP-ON JEWELRY-AS IN CHRISTOPHER'S LATEST OFFERING, PUSSY CLIPS-SO MUCH THE BETTER, HIS PUSSYMAN SERIES, CURRENTLY THE HOTTEST AND MOST TALKED-ABOUT NEW LINE IN PORN, PUTS THE PLEASURE BACK INTO BEING PUSSYWHIPPED.



HUSTLER: How did you come up with the Pussyman concept?

DAVID CHRISTOPHER: Well, I've always loved pussy, and basically nobody was really doing anything based on that. So we came up with a concept that we felt people really wanted to see. I'm a voyeur, and I want to see something that turns me on. A lot of directors seemed to be afraid to shoot hot sex.

HUSTLER: What's the idea behind the series?

CHRISTOPHER: The idea basically was to shoot reality-based scenarios with pretty girls and beautiful locations and capture hot, spontaneous sex with great camera angles.

HUSTLER: You used to be a performer. Has that helped you direct the series?

CHRISTOPHER: I can relate to the talent; I juice them up beforehand. I get really hot performers like Leena, Celeste and Rebecca Bardoux, then I ask them who's going to be the hottest, and it turns into a kind of competition.

HUSTLER: What's the deal with the clit clamps [metallic jewelry constraints that engorge the labia] in your movies?

CHRISTOPHER: They're great. They're tremendous. They were developed by this woman named Judy in Marina del Rey-jewelry for the pussy. I brought some down to the set, and the girls were a little hesitant at first, but after they got them on, they all loved

them. So now I use them in all the movies.



HUSTLER: Do you have any other trademarks?

CHRISTOPHER: Well, the stairwell scenes-I line all the girls up on the stairs, and they model and show off their pussies on the stairs. I make these movies basically for men. Women might like them, but the main audience is men. I also like the women to dress in exotic outfits. I love crotchless stuff.

HUSTLER: So, who has the best pussy in the business?

CHRISTOPHER: Without a doubt, Summer Knight...or Leena...or Alicia Rio...no, wait, Celeste...or....

-Mike Albuquerque



Chow Down: free delivery, no MSG.



CHOWN

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bud Lee; starring Asia Carrera, Tricia Yen, Kitty Yung, Melinia Brooks, Tony Tedeshi, Marc Wallice, Colt Steele and Nick East. Videocassette: Vivid.

The four sloe-eyed cookies of Chow Down are interchangeably cute, tidy in the trim, tiny in the chest and fuck-active. Wracking, wrenching, straining bodies are the order of the lay: The Asian cock-ornaments serve themselves as a slit-dish appetizer, offering a double-double serving of sum vum voni; back in the kitchen, a chef is fixing his cock in a twisting, yellow slot; after bending his bone with her snug butt ring, Kitty Yung snuffles beneath Marc Wallice's bloated ball sac and takes his swell of semen on her shining-sun face; a worthy Oriental girl sways her head above an open toilet as an amok pud pounds her fishy slit; and a rush of blood flows to the head of Tony Tedeshi's Far Eastern tart as he holds her ass-side-up and eats her dumphole. Chow Down is a meal in itself that won't be eaten just once.



ATTACK OF THE 50-FOOT HOOKER

Half Erect. Directed by L. S. Talbot and Teri Diver; starring Leena, Sahara Sands, Chanel, Alicia Rio, Steve Drake, Nick East and Moose. Videocassette: Odyssey Group.

Depicting a 50-foot hooker is a tall order, and Attack of wisely belittles its own puny attempt at such an outsized task before anyone else has a chance to. Attack of the 50-Foot Hooker is a good-natured, pleasantly goofy sex farce, with some decent cum-shots thrown in to appease prurient viewers. After sucking up to her sweater-stacks and gobbling around her G-string to gum her snatch, Steve Drake slides out from under a Leena-on-top 69 and straps her on for a most satisfying fuck, blasting bone marrow on her chest. A bonus fuck follows 50-Foot's fake ending: Alicia Rio's labial yardage is fully unfurled by an unfazed lad's inexhaustible tongue, and her face is bathed in a rich wash of his copious crank-cream. Attack of the 50-Foot is tall enough, but it's nothing to get hooked on.

— C. S.



SO YOU WANNA BE IN MOVIES?

Half Erect. Directed by Jim Travis; starring Brittany O'Connell, Debi Diamond, Melanie Moore, Alicia Rio, Tina Tedeshi, Alex Sanders, Peter North, Tony Tedeshi and Rick Plaine. Videocassette: VCA.

Petr-boobed Brittany O'Connell, tempestuous Tina Tedeshi and open-anused porn stalwart Debi Diamond grapple with the titular question posed by So You Wanna Be in Movies?, boffing ersatz erotic moviemakers and providing armchair onanists with a relatively rote exercise in video sex. Flitting about the offices of a supposed smut factory, Alex Sanders slips his trouser snake up Diamond's dinkhole; Alicia Rio and Melanie Moore make sloppy-kissing, titty-tweaking, muff-grinding greatness in a director's chair, cut short just as they descend on dimply hot Tina Tedeshi; Peter North cleans his plumbing using O'Connell's kisser as a drop cloth; Tina Tedeshi finally uses her scrumptious body by engaging Tony Tedeshi in a succulent 69 and subsequent screw; Diamond and O'Connell dangle their twats before the splendor of Sanders's tool, which soaks them in a nipple-smearing sea of testicle froth. So you wanna beat your meat? Viewers can do far worse than So You Wanna Be in Movies?

—S. H.



Surprise: The ass is Ashley's; she dines on Dial.



Hooker: whiffin' Chanel where she wets.



In Movies: O'Connell done by Diamond, serviced by Sanders.



SURPRISE

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bud Lee; starring Nikki Dial, Kaitlyn Ashley, Debi Diamond, Veronica Sage, Tianna Taylor, Deborah Welles, Vixxen, Tony Tedeshi, Alex Sanders, Marc Wallice, Mickey Ray, Colt Steele and Nick East. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Last of the legitimate porn goddesses: Nikki be thy name. Virtually any video featuring the flawlessly beautiful, seethingly erotic fuck-and-suck superstar Nikki Dial is guaranteed spank-fodder worth shelling out for; small surprise, then, that *Surprise*, Dial's first scum-screen dalliance in quite some time, finds the silken-haired, wide-eyed, naturally D-cupped, wet-dream creamsicle back at the top of the groin game. Dial does Kaitlyn Ashley in *Surprise*'s opening segment as a consolation for missing out on the blonde's upcoming birthday festivities; Alex Sanders stuffs his stick deep into vociferous Veronica Sage's stool-box; Tianna Taylor frosts her twitchy, bewitching nipples with a cake decorator to offer Vixxen some sweets with her dairy; and Debi Diamond rapturously devours every inch of Mickey Ray's man-meat. The *Surprise* of the title comes in the form of Nikki herself, who not only shows up at Kaitlyn's party, but carts in male stripper Colt Steele as well. The proceedings are propelled into orgy proportions; the home stroker's hand and gland will be as exhausted as the fuck-fried guests at tape's end. There's nary a true surprise to be found in *Surprise*—and to the palm-fucking couch potato, that's just fine.

HUSTLER NOVEMBER 4



JUNI .ARD D.I E.

Half Erect. Directed by Sharon Mitchell; starring Lacey Rose, Vixxen, Valeria, Beverly Glenn, Misty Rain, Sally Layd, Nicole London, Kaitlyn Ashley and Rebecca Bardoux. Videocassette: Fantastic Pictures.

Dirty fun and moral decrepitude are celebrated by the hyperactive twats in Junkyard Dykes. The Dykes, following snatch-catcher Lacey Rose's dagger lead, eschew bonding with male members, preferring to fill their automotive-scrapyard setting with flaccidity-wrecking, three-girl pileups. Director Sharon Mitchell's no-balls all-stars are kooky to the point of hysterics and filthy to the point of enjoyment. Dildos, fingers and tongues invade mouths, muffs and bungs, surrounded by a landscape of rusting steel and archaic machinery. The Junkyard Dykes defy commonly accepted notions of femininity. Their pussies are like the jaws of wolves: rapacious, garging, insatiable vaginal maws. Some bad shadows cast a pall on one scene, but not enough to dim the luminescence of a bellowing blande's battered butthole. The Junkvard Dykes are nicely salvaged scum-scavengers.



CHEATING

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Ashlyn Gere, Christina Angel, Alex Jordan, Leena, Nick East, Steven St. Croix, Jonathan Morgan, Colt Steele and Gerry Pike. Videocassette: Vivid.

In all fairness, the boff-bait in Cheating is pretty great, but the flick is beat. Ashlyn Gere is a meaty muff capable of giving and taking rousing, rowdy muscle-fucks, and she wrestles her honest-to-God share of wad out of every dick that ventures into her ring. Leena is a limber and toned bone-treat. Christina Angel is a slinky, blond gift of gash, and Alex Jordan's sexual energy surges every time she gets plugged in. However, these formidable pussy presences are diminished by a script that reduces almost every verbal exchange to a strident expression of dissatisfaction and a chop-away shooting style that undercuts the erotic continuum. All this cinematic sleight-of-hand just to set up a twist ending that raises the possibility that porn studs might display homoerotic tendencies. How unthinkable! When such Cheating occurs, everyone's a loser.



Cheating: Gere gets it from Steele on the steps.

TROKER'S GUID A QUICK CHECKLIST OF X-RATED FEATURES REVIEWED IN PAST ISSUES OF

HUSTLER AND HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

New Wave Hookers 3 (VCA)

Crystal Wilder, Tiffany Million, Jon Dough

Pussyman 5: Captive Audience (Snatch Productions)

> Leena, Lacey Rose, Tony Martino

Sodomania 7 (Elegant Angel)

Tianna, Tammi Ann, Joey Silvera



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material.

Bachelor Party 2 (Fantastic Pictures)

Sydney, Maeva, Blake Palmer

Blinded by Love (Odyssey Group)

Leena, Debi Diamond, Terry Thomas

Breastman's Ultimate Orgy (EVN)

Flame, Valeria, Jonathan Morgan

Deep Inside Tiffany Mynx (VCA) Tiffany Mynx, Valeria, Mike Horner

Return of the Cheerleader Nurses (VCA)

> Melanie Moore, Alex Jordan, Randy Spears

Strap-On Sally: Strap-On Psycho (Pleasure Productions)

Ariana, Chantilly Lace, Sinnamon

Video Virgins (New Sensations)

Veronica, Samontha, Gerry Pike



HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments.

Adventures of Buck Naked (Odyssey Group)

Sean Michaels, Rebecca Wild, Angel Bust

Basket Trick (Pleasure Productions)

Diva, Sierra, James Webb

Carlita's Backway (Odyssey Group)

Leena, Isis Nile, Alex Sanders

Interactive (Sin City) Samantha Strong, Mercedez,

Peter North Night Train (Vivid Film)

> Tabatha Cash, Christina Angel, Colt Steele



ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.

Animal Instinct (Vivid Film)

Ashlyn Gere, Veronica Sage, Steven St. Croix

Black Fire (Visual Images)

Stormy Shores, Lil' Mama Jama



TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

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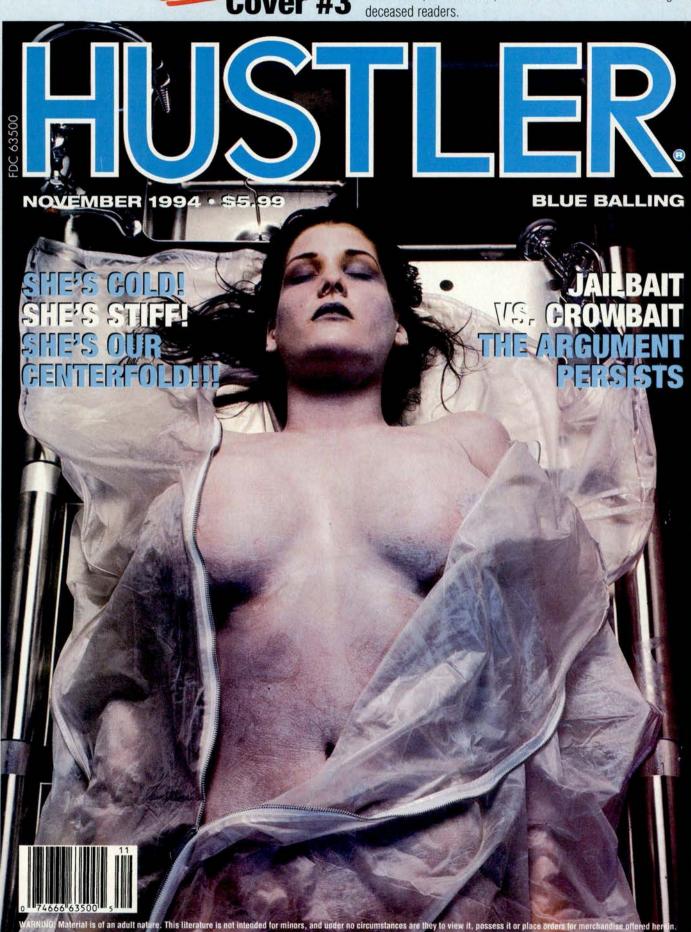


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HUSTLER's Fads like streaking may come and go, but necrophilia never dies. HUSTLER was interested in unearthing more information about this bizarre countercultural fetish but, in the end, we feared a backlash among our deceased readers.



LETTERS

(continued from page 35)

pushing her chest against my lips. "What do those tits taste like?" she asked her husband. "Water from the garden hose? Mine taste like milky conditioner."

Belinda took a strap-on dildo from the bedside drawer. Fastening it around my waist, she instructed Mike to bend the sex doll's inflated legs up in the air. Belinda then stretched her own blackstockinged gams skyward.

"Massage her cunt," Belinda ordered her husband. "Knead her pretty pussy

like bread dough."

I took Belinda's pliant pussy mound in both hands. My gently expanding and contracting fingers drew out her feminine oils, causing her southern lips to sparkle.

Poor Mike futilely probed the awkward plastic twat.

"Lube it," moaned Belinda. "Make the slit slick and ready."

I gently smeared the inner patch of Belinda's wetness until her entire twat shone. Mike squirted a dab of Ron Jeremy lubricating gel onto the plastic cunt's misshapen labia.

"Now dip the head of your philandering prick against your lover's fuckhole," demanded Belinda. "Moisten it with her

cunt oil."

Mike dangled his flesh-and-blood cock against the glued seams of the artificial pussy. I lowered the head of my phony phallus against Belinda's twat, which had grown deep red.

"Now," said Belinda, savoring the moment, "ram it in all the way to the hilt!"

I immediately pierced Belinda's box with the strap-on. A tickle of her expansive pubic bush against my lower tummy rewarded my thrust. Suddenly and fully violated by the big rubber dong, Belinda cried out.

Mike buried his prong in the coarse plastic interior of his mannequin's muff. He cried out as well, but more from physical irritation. Mike pulled his dick out halfway, then pushed it forward again, in an attempt to carry more lubricant to the plastic pussy's core.

"Now ride," stated Belinda. "Ream it until you come."

Steadily guiding the dildo in and out of Belinda's steaming mound, I duplicated Mike's rhythm and speed as he serviced the doll. Every so often, a fart squeezed out of Belinda's slick-gripping musculature, echoed by a thin-sounding squeak of air pushed out of the rubber maid's hole by Mike's fat cock. A spicy aroma of butt sweat permeated the air around Mike's and my undulating asses

(which must have come from Mike, since I wash with soap and water).

Belinda squirmed, squeezing her breasts together with white-knuckled hands. Soundless air broke from her lips, followed by a whisper, then a moan, and then a full-throated wail. At the same time, Mike's and my bucking increased speed. With every push of the dildo, my popping clitoris rubbed against the inside of the strap-on's belt. Waves of pleasure shot up the erotic nerve network that connects my clit to my brain. Shaking like an epileptic in seizure, Belinda threatened to bounce us all off the bed. Her frantic thrashing guided the dildo I

wore deeper inside her orgasming gash.

My own pussy oil was streaming down my inner thighs, and I felt close to blacking out from ecstasy. Mike could take it no longer. Pulling out of the doll's hot, rubber cunt, his purple cock expelled a shooting rope of white jizz.

After cleaning up, Belinda thanked me and asked how she could ever repay me. "Just invite me over the next time you have to punish Mike!" I told her. —P. T.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

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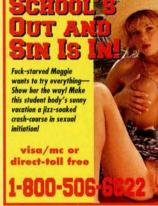




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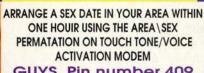
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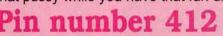
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LESBIAN ANAL AGONY Pin number 424

SEX TORTURE CAMP Pin number 425

Pin number 426 WHIPPED TO SUBMIT

ALL GENUINE - NOT ACTING!

Report by Vivian Mayfair

John and Janey were celebrating their first anniversary together with a bottle of wine and a candlelit dinner at home. The adventurous couple enjoyed rough sex. After the meal, John ripped open Janey's blouse and hungrily gnawed the 19-year-old's nipples. He tore the silky short-shorts from Janey's honeydew hindquarters and pushed her face-first to the floor. Spreading her bubbly ass cheeks apart, he tongue-fucked her rear portal. Janey gasped when a new sensation pierced her butthole. Looking over her naked shoulder, Janey saw the empty bottle of '92 Chardonnay jutting from her rear like a celebratory jeroboam.

"Bottoms up!" John said through gritted teeth. He worked the bottle deeper into her shitter.

Janey twisted her clit with one hand and screamed, "Fuck my ass with something rougher!" John reached for the nearest lamp. He unscrewed the lightbulb, spit on the ribbed end and slowly worked the threaded nob into Janey's well-stretched bung. Her body bucked. "More!" she begged, and John screwed the bulb until the metallic end disappeared inside her rectum.

Suddenly, Janey's sphincters locked. Pleasure turned to pain as the girl's entire body convulsed from the aching in her asshole. "Get it out!" she cried desperately, and John tried in vain to extract the 60-watt butt plug. The more he pulled, the less the object budged, until one violent jerk shattered the glass bulb in John's hand, sending spurts of deep, red blood onto the crying girl's ass. The broken end remained locked inside Janey's anus.

The couple drove quickly to a nearby hospital in San Francisco, California. In too much pain to be embarrassed, Janey underwent emergency anal-reconstructive surgery, during which the fractured lightbulb was removed and tiny cuts inside her rectum stitched up.

Leaving two days later with her boyfriend, Janey smiled sheepishly at her doctor and said, "Thanks for not asking how that got in there."

"In this town," the doctor shrugged, "that kind of thing is getting to be as common as the head cold."

Throughout her 20 years' service working in the emergency room of a downtown San Francisco hospital, veteran nurse Beatrice C. helped remove enough odd items from the human asshole to stock a convenience store. "Pens, pencils and beer bottles were the most com-

mon things we had to dislodge from a person's butt," she recalls. "Often, people would be carted in around midnight with things like light-bulbs, golf balls, toothpaste tubes and even dead rodents stuck in their rectum that had to be removed using a pair of surgical pliers. If that didn't work, we'd have to surgically open the anus wide enough to get in there and grab the thing. Once we assisted a guy who had a tiny pineapple stuck up there. You could only see the green top of the fruit sticking out. From behind, he looked like he was trying to shit Carmen Miranda."

"Americans today put a premium on innovation in sexual experience," report Drs. Samuel and Cynthia Janus in *The Janus Report on Sexual Behavior* (John Wiley and Sons, Inc., 1993). "Some sexual practices that were once deemed esoteric and/or weird have become more desirable. Sexual sophistication demands an increasing repertoire of unusual sex acts, and variety is constantly desired to enrich sexual experience. Deviance in daily life

has become a personalized part of sex life in America,

and some people choose deviance as an ongoing part of

their sexuality."

This desire for new modes of sexual gratification can lead to anal experimentation, including using something other than a penis to stimulate the sensitive rectal tissues. The rectum, located just inside the anus, is a tubelike structure made of loose folds of soft, smooth tissue; its total length is about eight or nine inches. Although it contains less nerve endings than the anus, the rectum can send soothing sensations throughout the body when stimulated. For this reason, healthy shits that spread the rectum wide can sometimes feel mildly orgasmic.

"For some people, greater awareness of the rectum can offer additional possibilities for pleasure," posits Dr. Jack Morin in his book *Anal Pleasure & Health* (Yes Press, 1986). "Since you cannot reach the inner rectum with your fingers, exploration of your rectum requires the sensitive use of an object longer than your finger."

Although a soft dildo or flexible vibrator is recommended, Dr. Morin lists other objects that can make for a stimulating anal probe: "A smooth, wax dinner candle, using the base, not the tip, is good. Some people prefer a more natural object such as a cucumber, carrot or zucchini. These are fine as long as you wash them thoroughly (you do not want any pesticides in your rectum) and make certain they are smooth all over. Whatever the object, it should be about the diameter of two of your fingers."





Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. The good, old-fashioned home knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

Illustration by John Howard

HUSTLER'SKILLED M

Men's magazines observe a few cardinal cover rules in order to enjoy widespread newsstand distribution. For example, a woman can be naked as long as her tits and twat aren't visible. Nevertheless, we hoped to sneak this one past the censors.

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PAVING THE TEXAS TUNNEL LAYING CONCRETE IN HER ASS FAULT DEEPER READING



WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors, and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it or place orders for merchandise offered herein.

ies by Dr. David Reuben, author of the landmark tome Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask (David McKay Company, Inc., 1969). "The answer for those seeking stand-in cocks," explains Reuben, "is often found in the pantry. Sometimes an entire egg in the shell finds itself where it doesn't belong. In addition, sausages, especially the milder varieties, are popular." Some of the more "routine" items Dr. Reuben encountered in people's assholes included pens, pencils, lipstick cases, combs, soda bottles and ladies' electric shavers.

When people are too cavalier about shoving stuff inside their buttholes, problems arise. "I once had this girlfriend who would do anything to please me," recounts David G., a plumber who lives in Los Angeles, California. "I love butts, and this chick tried to keep our sex life exciting by putting on little shows for me. She'd finger her asshole or shove a carrot in there, and it was hot shit. One night she grabbed my toolbox and wedged my nut wrench in her pussy while trying to shove a hammer in her butt. She was a trooper-God love her-but when she pulled that hammer out of her ass, the wooden handle was covered with what looked like her entire colon. Her asshole was bleeding, and a piece of her innards was sticking out of her butt like some dead rat's tail."

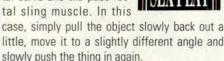
David drove his lover to the hospital, where doctors surgically reconstructed his butt-bat-

tered girlfriend's anus and rectum. More than 20 stitches were required to sew her asshole back to its normal size. Needless to say, the girl's days of anal plundering were gone to shit.

Prudence is key to a successful anal probe. Rectum-rooting with even the smallest objects requires patience and well-skilled anal muscles. Those who panic and clench too hard on the inserted object can experience anal abrasions. Fisting, for example, is one area of experimentation best left to anal experts. "Although increasing numbers of people (especially, but not exclusively, gay men) are experimenting with fisting, relatively few people appear to accommodate something as large as an entire hand," says Dr. Morin. Researcher T. P. Lowry reported the dangers of this hand-tohole sex act in the British Journal of Sexual Medicine (January 1981). Lowry discovered that at least one in every 2,000 fistings results in serious anal injury. AIDS researchers now warn that probing of the anus with objects that may cause even the smallest tear in the rectal tissue can provide an entry point into the bloodstream for the AIDS virus.

Learning to enjoy the insertion of an object into the rectum depends on a few basic factors, according to Dr. Morin. His book *Anal Pleasure & Health* details the best ways to enjoy assfucking. First, since rectal size and shape differ from person to person, each individual must become well-acquainted with his or her rectum and discover its limits. "Internal rectal medical

problems related to anal intercourse are often the result of ignorance about rectal shape," Morin explains. Once the object passes the sphincters, it should slide easily into the rectum. After a few inches, however, the item may stop when it meets the first rectal curve and the pubo-rectal sling muscle. In this



The first-timer usually feels a need to shit after shoving something in his or her ass. This common reaction can be overcome through greater relaxation and accepting that the impending bowel movement is a figment of the rectum's imagination. Some butt neophytes also complain of rectal irritation after the object has been removed for the first time.

Many people who dive head- and lightbulb-first into new dimensions of anal sex end up regretting their eagerness. "Almost every intern in the emergency room of a large-city hospital has seen a scene like this," states Dr. Reuben. "A young man stands forlornly at the emergency-room door and walks with a strange, bent-over, crablike gait to the examining table, where he lies face down. The intern inserts the anuscope, flicks on the light and finds the problem: A whiskey glass has been lodged in the patient's rectum."

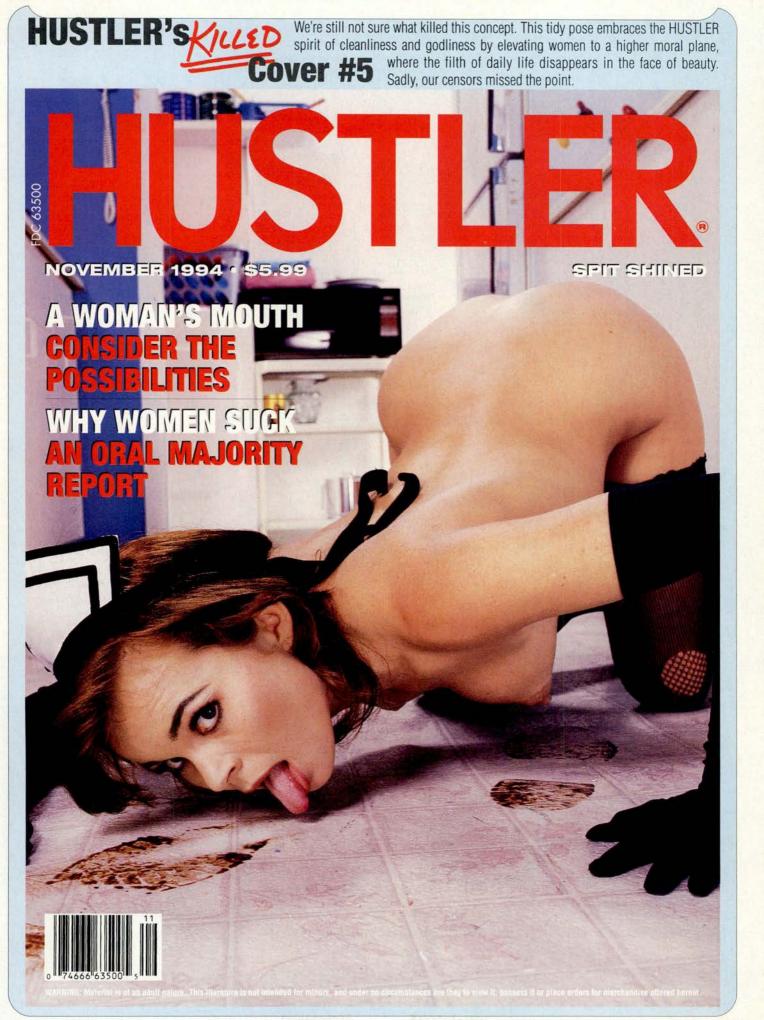
According to Dr. Reuben, lightbulbs are the single most dangerous anal obstruction. "No clamp can get a grip on them," he says. "Major surgery is urgently indicated, and there is real danger. If the bulb bursts, the result may be intestinal perforation, peritonitis and death."

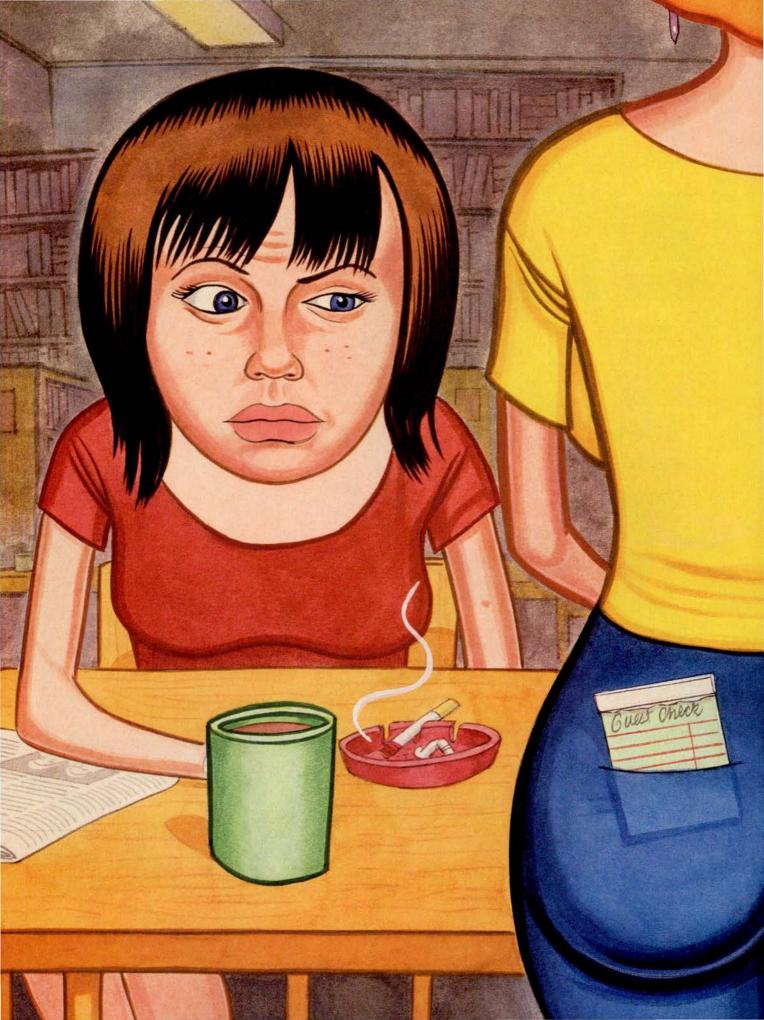
Common sense should dictate that no foreign object be pushed so far into the anus that the rectal explorer loses grip. "Contrary to some myths, your rectum will not pull the object out of your hand, although there might be a slight feeling of suction," cautions Dr. Morin. "Occasionally, an object does end up inside a person's rectum out of reach. If you should happen to 'lose' an object inside your rectum, do not panic. Feeling panicky increases tension. If you relax, the object will usually come out by itself. There is no reason to rush when exploring the possibilities of the rectum."

With careful experimentation, the butthole can become a new tunnel of love through which all sorts of everyday items pass into the realm of pleasure. Prudence and patience are the bywords in finding the right items for the willing anus. Above all else, leave the pineapples to Cuban entertainers, and the lightbulb in the lamp.



"Oh hi, Mom—I was just thinking about you!"







Lesbians share many common interests with HUSTLER readers— although we're more curious about them than they are about us.

Interview With a Lesbian

Straight Talk From a Bent Woman

HUSTLER Q&A by Alex Marvel

The woman who walks into Los Angeles's Big and Tall bookstore and coffeehouse looks much like any other self-possessed, attractive, 28year-old lady. Brunet, a little more than five-and-a-half-feet tall, dressed in a stylish bare-midriff top and wrap skirt that modestly accent the neat contours of her pleasingly trim body, she moves with a confident grace that is alluring without being overtly sexual. Her hair, in bangs and a loose cut, falls to her soft shoulders. She has an expert touch of makeup on her pretty face, and her forthright smile and direct-contact eyes are playful, teasing and warm.

Disarmed by this air of unadulterated, no-bullshit, wholesome, intelligent femininity, guys are often drawn to strike up conversations with her. Usually men find her to be a friendly and gregarious acquaintance, but they rarely get any play beyond a stimulating verbal exchange. Unlike most of the available females in Big and Tall, she is a lesbian. "In the article, call me Tracey," she requests after appraising the waitress and ordering a <u>latte</u>. "Tracey" quickly explains that she desires a pseudonym, not to protect her identity as a gay woman, but because, "There are some people in my life who aren't sure about me, and I'd like to keep them guessing."

Though pensive and serious for long moments at a time, Tracey laughs easily and often during the course of a four-hour conversation. She is comfortable with her sexuality ("It's not like I have an alternative.") and openly discusses her most personal preferences and attitudes.

"Being gay in a primarily straight world, I've had to take a clear look at who I am and why I have a valid right to be who I am," she explains. "Any line of inquiry you might pursue, I've already examined. You won't be able to embarrass me."

For the record, Tracey could not be flustered—although the effort was made to do so.

Lesbian

Nobody knows exactly how I want my pussy eaten. It's my responsibility to tell them what excites me. Women, in my experience, are more inclined to listen to what I say than men are.

HUSTLER: What do you like to be called: dyke, lesbo, carpet-muncher? TRACEY: Generally, dick, I prefer to be addressed by my proper name.

HUSTLER: How do you know you don't like dick if you've never tried it? TRACEY: Are you sure you wouldn't enjoy a nice, fat penis invading your

smug heterosexual vacuities? Have you tried it? Well, actually, I have.

HUSTLER: So you boned this one lameass, he wasn't any good, and you never went back. Did you ever think it might feel better with a guy who knew what he

was doing?
TRACEY: I relinquished my virginity—
to a guy—when I was quite young, almost a teen. He was in his late twenties.
This introduction to sex by an older,
more experienced man isn't unusual
among the women I've been to bed with.
We are by definition women whose
erotic proclivities have led us to experiment with and embrace pleasures outside
the norm. We're great fucks, we aren't
shy about sex, and we get the most out
of a man that he's capable of giving. I've
been with a lot of guys; I've had boyfriends; I once thought I was in love with

a man. I don't dismiss the possibility of fucking a guy again sometime in the future, if things don't work out with my current wife. A lot of youngish girls, disillusioned by some guy treating them badly, go through a lesbian stage as a sort of interlude between boyfriends. Other ostensibly gay women sometimes, at around my age, feel the pull of the biological clock and opt to pursue life in the standard Mommy-Daddy-baby family unit. I've been in a stable relationship with another woman for two-and-a-half years. There have been moments in that time when I, peripherally, wanted to have sex with a man, just as there are times in the history of any couple where one or both of them want to fuck somebody else. Wanting to do it doesn't mean you have to do it.

HUSTLER: Isn't a stable relationship of two-and-a-half years rare in your world? TRACEY: Yes, it is; long-term monogamy between gay women is just about as rare as it is in your world.

HUSTLER: Do women really eat pussy better than men eat pussy?

TRACEY: I've had lousy from both. Nobody knows exactly how I want my pussy eaten. It's my responsibility to tell them what excites me most. Women, in my experience, are more inclined to listen to what I say than men are.

HUSTLER: Do you and your girlfriend use dildos, or do you just lick and rub off on each other?

TRACEY: This is the 1990s—of course we use dildos. The days when "the sisterhood" was aghast at sex between women that included penetration are long gone. And even women who recoil from anything remotely phallic light up in the presence of a Hitachi Magic Wand or one of the similar externally applied vibrating massagers. Personally, my lover and I occasionally use a strap-on to excellent results.

HUSTLER: But isn't using a dildo, particularly a strap-on, a feeble attempt to be a man, or a penis substitute at best? Why not just hook up with a dude?

TRACEY: I'm not ideologically opposed to sex with males; nor do I harbor some deep-seated resentment of males in general, which seems to be the slant you're attempting to put on this interview. Some female couples I know are secure enough with one another that they will pick up a guy just to use him as a human dildo. Hopefully, knowing that those couples exist will satisfy your need for fantasy fodder. I simply prefer to have sex with a woman. HUSTLER Magazine of all people should be able to understand that.

HUSTLER: You mentioned your "wife." Do you wear the pants around the house, and is she the little lady?

TRACEY: My relationships—not that there have been so many of them—do not generally revolve around the stereotypical butch-femme dynamic. I'm usually not into role-playing, which is not to say that gay women who adopt the butch role are playacting. A diesel dag is truly a diesel dag, believe me. There is nothing pretend about it, but it's not for me.

HUSTLER: Who are some famous dykes you are proud of?

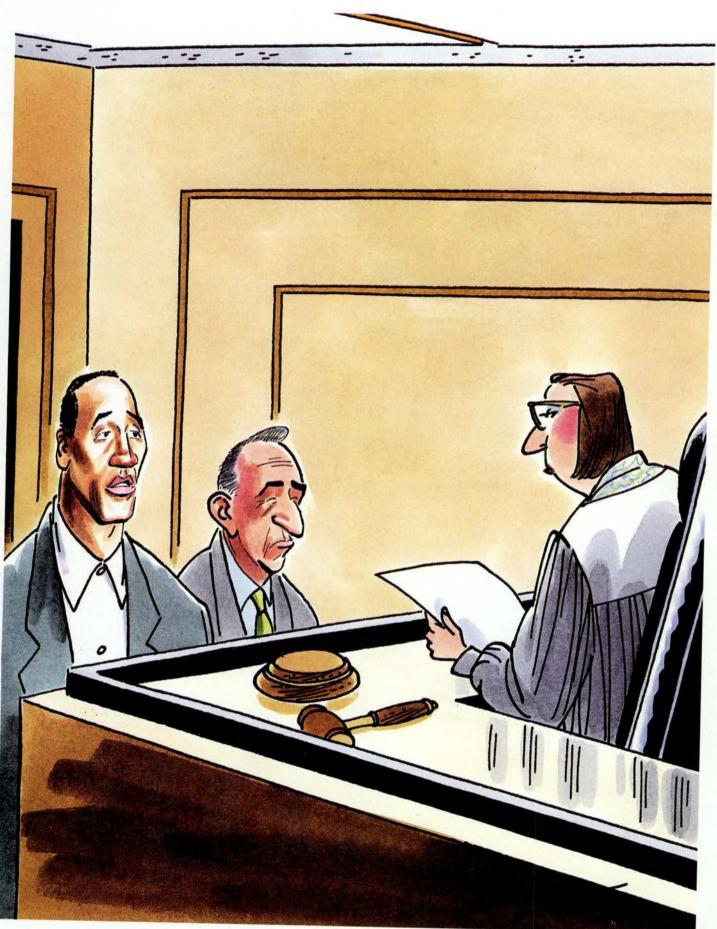
TRACEY: Among ourselves, certain celebrities are presumed members of the sorority, but you won't catch me spilling their names.

HUSTLER: Are lesbians discriminated against?

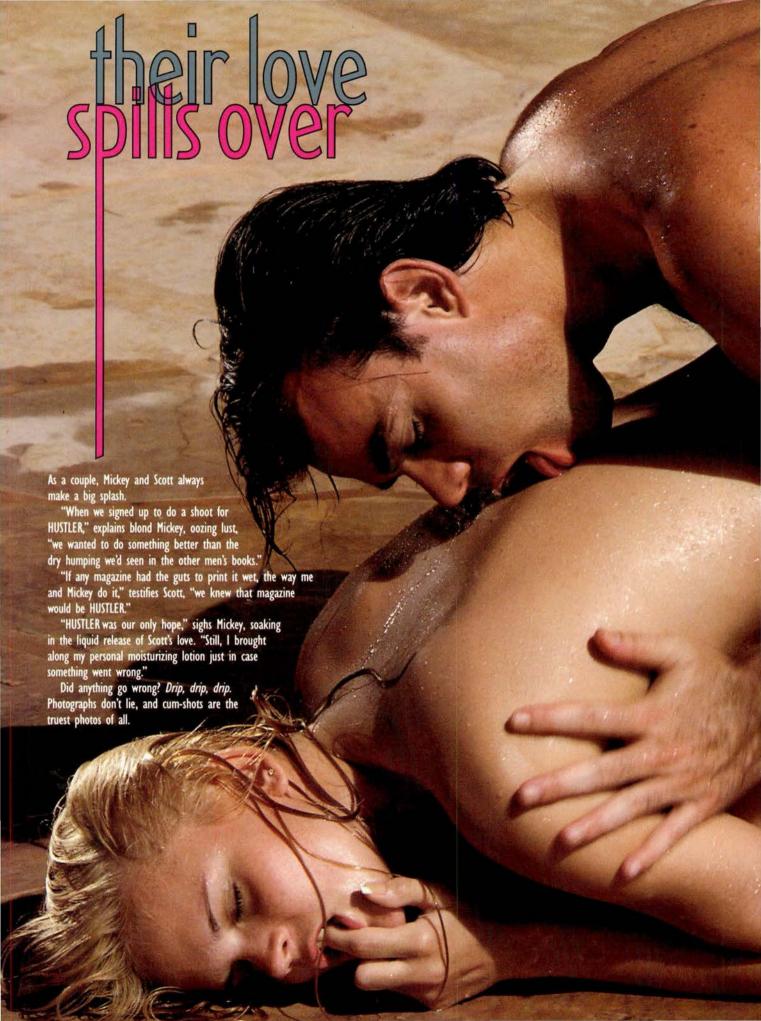
TRACEY: Due to the photogenic, mediafriendly phenomenon of the "Lipstick Lesbian," it's suddenly hip to be gay and female, at least in New York and Los Angeles. Everybody with any pretensions to coolness is required to have at least one cute lesbian couple among their arsenal of friends. We are not discriminated against primarily for being gay, although anyone who is perceived as being an out-

(continued on page 64)





"I plead not guilty by reason of insanity. I was <u>crazy</u> to marry that bitch!"



















Lesbian

The days when "the sisterhood" was aghast at sex between women that included penetration are gone. Personally, my lover and I occasionally use a strap-on to excellent results.

sider is subject to hostility. The brunt of the subjugation we face stems from our being women. Gay women tend to have a more attuned feminist awareness than that comprehended by your basic bimbo. When my friend Mayla gets passed over for a promotion because she won't fuck her boss, it's not because Mayla's gay. It's because she is being viewed, first and foremost, as an object of desire. Mayla wouldn't put out for a promotion even if her boss were a woman.

HUSTLER: Every now and then the papers report "fag bashing": violence against male homosexuals. Why don't we ever hear about "dyke bashing"?

TRACEY: Because drunken, post-adolescent male athletes have no fear of growing up to become girls who love girls. Hate violence directed against gay women does happen, but not with the regularity suffered by gay men. Look, lesbians are everywhere; we just have the option to be unobtrusive about it. We're quieter than gay men, and people aren't looking for us as much. We can be fully out of the closet and still blend in. Who sees anything threatening in two women greeting one another with an em-

brace and a kiss on the lips? I have gay women friends who moved to Indiana. Some of the natives are hip enough to know what's up; it certainly doesn't bother them.

HUSTLER: What are clues to spotting a lesbian if she's not an obvious dyke?

TRACEY: Straight guys, I guess because they're blinded by their own hunger, are so bad at intuiting anything about a woman's sexual leanings. I have this friend, Charla; you'd love her, but she's strictly into women. She works selling extremely expensive, overpriced in fact, clothing to men in a very trendy L.A. shop. At least once a week, some rock-producer type or agent asks her out on a date. They're always shocked when she won't go. They can't figure her out, because they can't divert their attention from their own throbbing testosterone long enough to notice the manner in which she interacts with other women. It's like I said: A gay woman can blend into any environment, if she wants to. What will give her away is her distinct and heightened awareness of other women. All women compulsively check each other out; females are very competitive sexually, although you probably never noticed. We like to see how we stack up with other talent in the vicinity. But when a gay woman takes the measure of another woman, there's a slight lingering to her appraisal; a perceptible quality of speculation is visible in her eyes. Of course, we're more subtle about cruising women than men are, unless you've observed us doing it a few times. As a rule of thumb, if you're attracted to a woman, and you suspect she's gay, but you're not absolutely sure, try to sniff her upper lip: It'll smell like pussy.

HUSTLER: Are girl/girl relationships

inherently tumultuous?

TRACEY: I had a boyfriend once who put it this way: Imagine a couple breaking up, and they're both women. Women have been taken advantage of by physically stronger people for centuries. We've developed monstrous cunning, and we feel justified in employing the most underhanded, unfair, unethical, unmoral stratagems when it comes to combat, and relationships—in everybody's world-often come to combat. In my own experience, breaking up with a man can be every bit as laceratingly hateful, if you push him hard enough.

HUSTLER: Joking aside, what of the unspoken problem of dykes bashing dykes or, to put it more delicately, les-

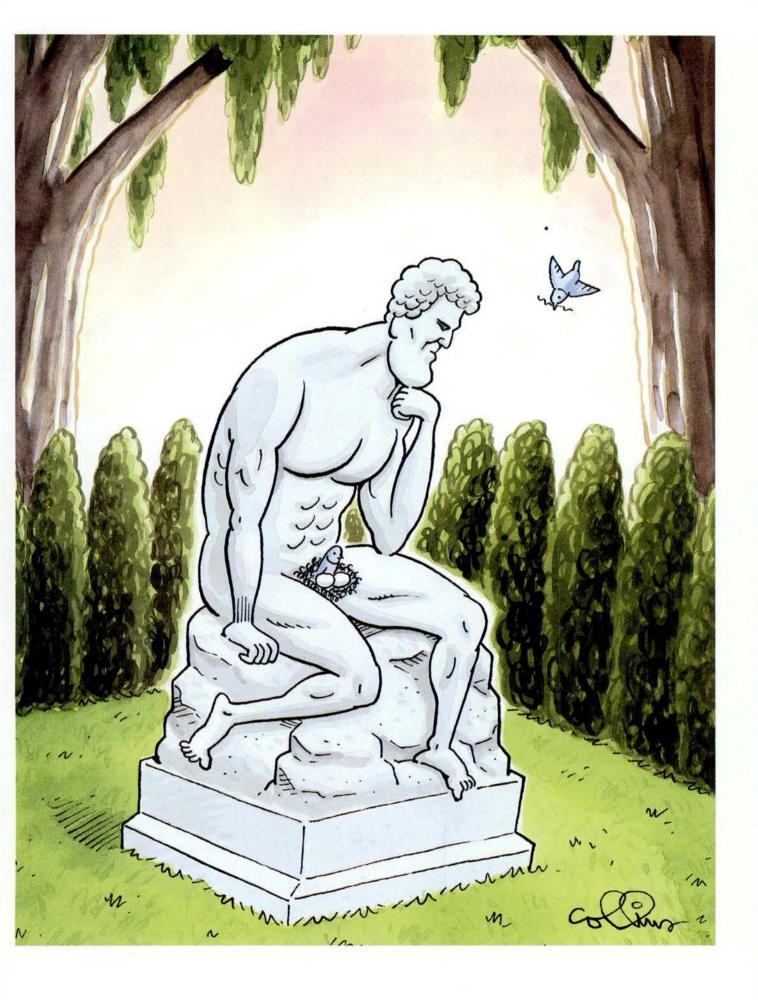
bian spousal abuse?

TRACEY: Physical and emotional violence between two gay women who believe they love each other, and truly do desire to care for one another, is a very real issue. Whether mate-beating has a higher incidence among lesbians than among couples with any other alignment of sexual preference-I doubt that anyone is in a position to make that determination. I do have a theory. If you were suddenly-I mean, put this in a global context-suddenly taken from a lifelong situation where you were the weaker, dominated party in any conflict, such as a woman who is perhaps a survivor of a violently dysfunctional family, and suddenly you are placed in a position where you can defend yourself or, more tempting yet, employ brute force to impose your point of view on even one other human being, it stands to reason that you'll be duking it out with that one other human being.

HUSTLER: Describe what you like about women, in a sexual way.

TRACEY: "What I like about women, in a sexual way." This question is such an obvious, soft-porn gambit. But then, obvious, soft-porn gambits are why I read HUSTLER Magazine. I don't mind being accommodating. I'll tell you what I like, "in a sexual way," about my lover in particular. She's much like I am, only pret-





Lesbian

As a rule of thumb, if you're attracted to a woman, and you suspect she's gay, but vou're not absolutely sure, try to sniff her upper lip: It'll smell like pussy.

tier; we look like we could be related, and somehow that makes me very happy. Her lips are the first things I loved about her. I saw her eating strawberries at a champagne brunch, and I knew I would taste those lips. She's an exquisite kisser. She has more erotic play in her mouth alone than most people have in their entire sexual repertoire. I could kiss her for hours, and I do. She's never in a hurry to finish me off, and she's never in a hurry for me to finish her off.

HUSTLER: What's her pussy taste like? TRACEY: It's a good one.

HUSTLER: So how did you make the switch from dicks to chicks?

TRACEY: My transition was very smooth, because it occurred fairly early on in my life. I never had that sexualidentity crisis and self-denial that commonly plagues some gay people when they're first assailed by an onslaught of "wayward" urges. Homosexuality can be traumatic, but I had this very close friend, Carol, back in junior high and on into high school. We were very curious about sex, and we developed along the same timetable. We actually both lost our virginity to the same guy. I did him fortable with that.

HUSTLER: Gay men are a political force to be reckoned with. Is there a lesbian lobby?

TRACEY: We lack that plague bond that

first and, of course, I couldn't wait to tell Carol all about it. We often slept over with each other, always in the same bed, and that's where I told her about what I had done with the guy. Naturally, she wanted to know what it had felt like, and I did my best to show her. It seemed like the most normal thing in the world for us to "practice" on one another. Eventually, a few other girls joined our practice sessions. It probably took two years before we dropped the pretense of simulating male-female sex and simply relaxed and enjoyed ourselves for what we were: cute kids who had a crush on each other. This was all very sub rosa, like a secret society, which made the whole process all that more exciting. Along with Carol, I went out with guys sometimes, but I was continually being drawn to the types of girls who were drawn to a girl like me. By the time I went away to college, I knew that women would play the major role in my sex life, and I was quite com-

"Oh, wait-I'm supposed to be naked."

unites homosexual men. We might be more sensitive to the gay-male plight than the average citizen, but really the AIDS crisis is not ours. Gay males are more vocal and visible than lesbians because their lives literally depend upon their activism. There really is no united lesbian agenda, and any openly gay female politico who claims she can deliver a block vote is misleading someone, perhaps only herself.

HUSTLER: Don't lesbians have their own culture, separate from the mainstream?

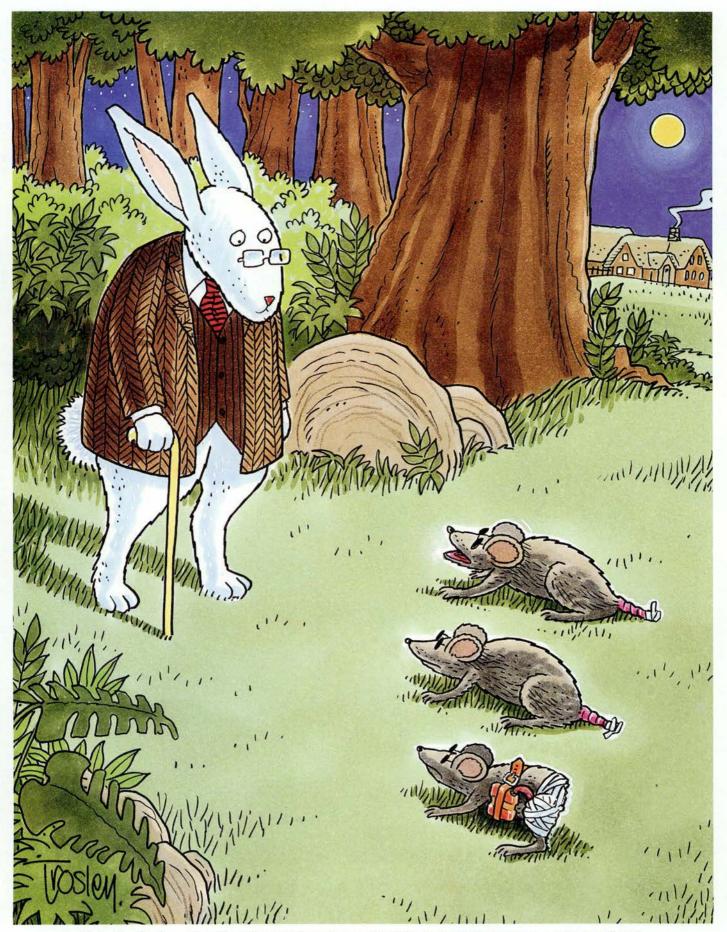
TRACEY: Sure. There are bars, there are nightclubs and periodicals; we have our own porn videos. When the weather is nice, we have dyke marches and gaypride picnics. We're very aware of our history and our status as outsiders; so there is a "lesbian culture" that affords us mutual support from our own kind. But I feel it's important to resist being marginalized. Sometimes I appreciate a milieu in which I can let down my guard and publicly grope the wife, but we're usually comfortable wherever we go. I don't necessarily need that peer-group insulation to validate me. I actually got more out of a recent Picasso exhibition than I did from the Works of Woman Warriors show. Are there lesbians who would censure my attitudes and attempt to make me feel guilty about that? I'm sure those women exist, but I don't hang out with them.

HUSTLER: Don't you owe something to a previous generation of revolutionary dykes?

TRACEY: Am I indebted to the revolutionary dykes who came before me and made the world safe to eat pussy? Sure, I owe it to them to live my life as I feel I'm best suited to live it, just like they did, no matter who opposes it. I am a responsible person. I put in my volunteer hours at a crisis-counseling hot line for gay women. I will counteract prejudices where I find them, and I do give money and time in support of various projects at the Gay and Lesbian Community Center. But I will not sacrifice the free choices of my life in order to conform to someone else's notions of what a politically correct lesbian should look like or how she should act.

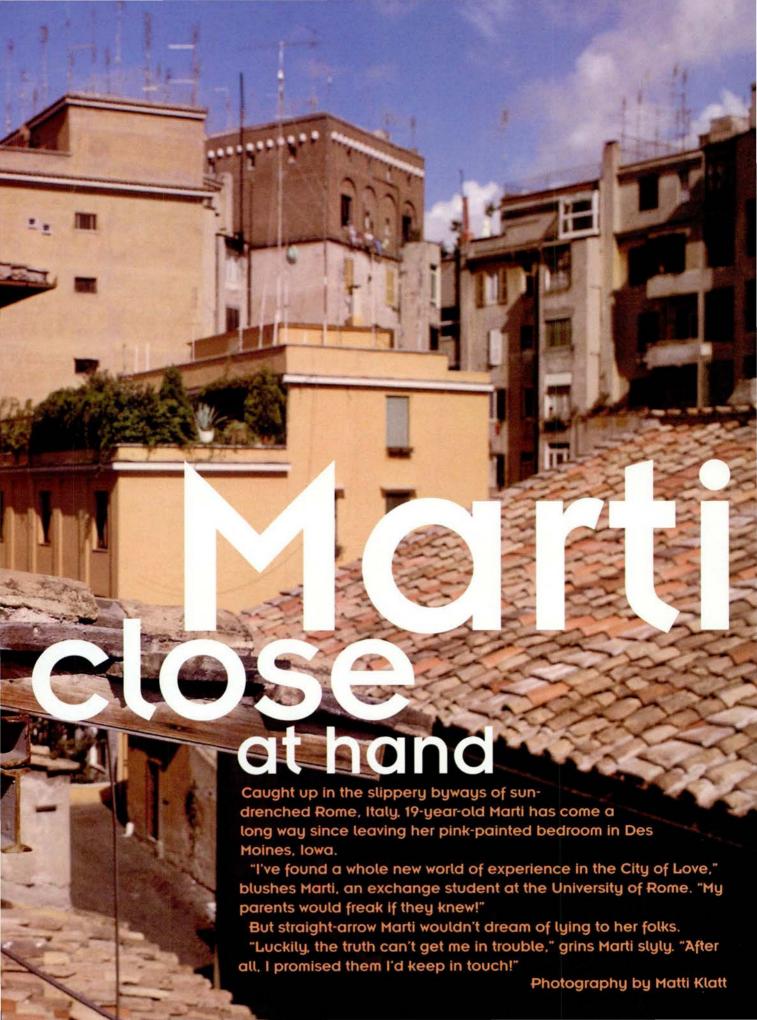
HUSTLER: Getting back to the biological clock, will you be wanting to have that baby anytime soon?

TRACEY: I see what you're alluding to, and it's very gallant of you to make the offer, but technology and adoption agencies have advanced to a point where we don't really need a man to have a child today. Thanks for the latte, HUSTLER, and thanks for being less crass than I'd anticipated you would be.



"Actually, the farmer's wife got Lenny's intestines and bowels, too; so he has to wear a colostomy bag."









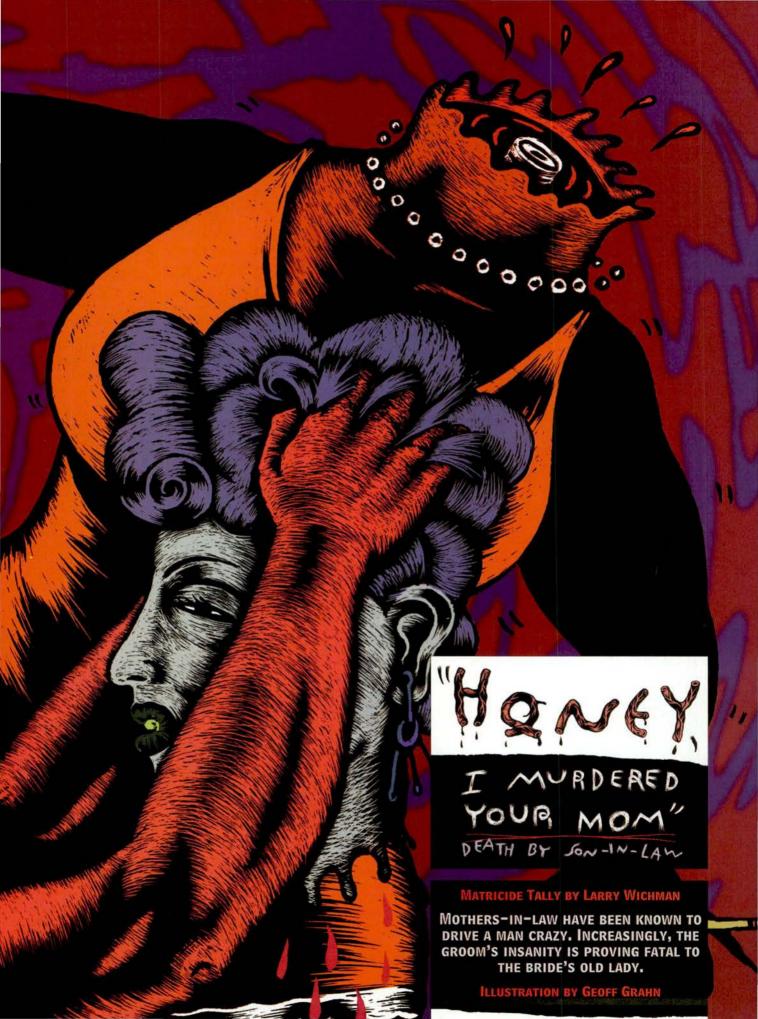












Mother-in-Law

Parks clubbed his mother-in-law with the tire iron before plunging the blade with full force into her body, inflicting fist-deep stab wounds, one of which pierced Woods's still-beating heart.

An intrusive mother-in-law can add severe stress to a marriage. The kinds of mothers who interfere are typically those who have invested too much into their identity as a mother. They can't let go.

-Psychologist Linda DeVillers

May 1987: While watching television late at night, 23-year-old Kenneth Parks passed out on the couch in his Toronto, Canada, home. Several hours later, Parks regained consciousness at his mother-in-law's residence, 14 miles away. Upon awakening, Parks found himself covered in blood, staring into the lifeless, mangled face of his mother-in-law, Barbara Woods, 42.

Parks—who had recently been caught embezzling \$32,700 to cover gambling debts—told authorities he had murdered Woods while sleepwalking. According to Parks's testimony, he rose in the dead of night and, still asleep, drove to his inlaws' home in suburban Scarborough. Upon arriving at his mother-in-law's residence, Parks grabbed a tire iron from his car trunk and let himself into the house with a key. He then took a carving knife from the kitchen and—purportedly

fast asleep—proceeded to butcher his wife's mother.

During the brutal assault, Parks apparently clubbed Woods with the tire iron before plunging the blade with full force into her body, inflicting fist-deep stab wounds, one of which pierced Woods's still-beating heart.

Soaked with blood from slashes that cut to his victim's bones, Parks allegedly awoke and immediately drove to the nearest police station, where he confessed to the crime.

During his 1988 murder trial, lawyers for the defense argued that Parks was innocent because he had been sleepwalking at the time of the attack. Noting that he had often walked in his sleep as a youth, the defense claimed Parks had had no control over his actions even as he was savagely jabbing the knife through his mother-in-law's throbbing heart. Furthermore, since sleepwalking is not classified as a mental disease, defense attorneys concluded Parks could not be found insane.

Lawyers for the prosecution contended it was unreasonable to believe Parks had navigated 14 miles of heavily

"They told me I could pick my method of execution; so I chose to be smothered in Heather Locklear's pussy."

traveled road while asleep. They raised the likelihood that Parks and his wife were suffering marital problems, and noted that Parks was supposed to have informed his in-laws about the embezzlement charges against him the day after the killing.

The jury decided for the defense. On December 18, 1988, Parks became the first person in Canada's history to be acquitted of committing murder in his sleep.

January 1992: Chicago real-estate speculator Kenneth Falco, 43, furious with his abusive mother-in-law, Maureen Miller, 48, drove without stopping from Chicago to Phoenix—a trip of 46 hours—to kill her.

Miller, a heavy drinker and owner of a Phoenix massage parlor, had made life difficult for Falco and his wife, Sherry, 30. Allegedly, Miller had plotted to disrupt the union, including making damaging phone calls to Falco's business partners. When the Falcos' six-year-old son claimed to have been molested by his grandmother's brother during a visit to Miller's home in 1988, Miller accused her son-in-law of fabricating the story.

Sherry Falco stopped speaking to her mother, but Miller continued to call, leaving abusive messages on the couple's answering machine, including the following: "Sherry, this is your mother. You are dickwhipped. Your husband is pussywhipped.... Obviously you have nothing going for you but the piece of shit you're married to.... I assume you're not going to call me. That's okay. [Your sister] is a decent person. She calls me. She doesn't have to suck a dick of a meal ticket. You want the fuckin' loser, have the fuckin' loser."

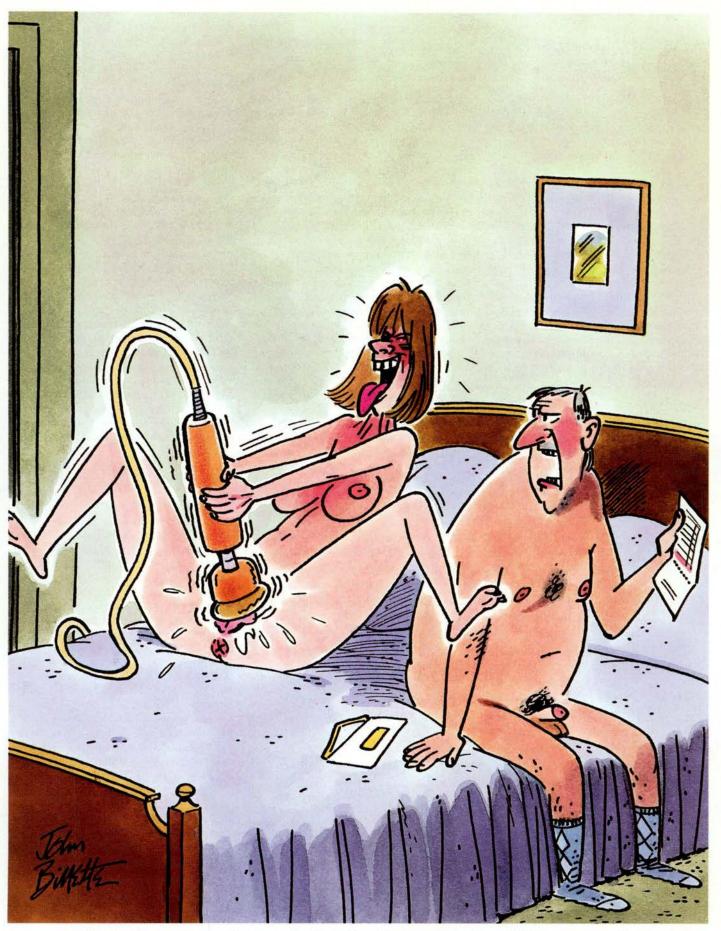
When Miller threatened legal action to gain visitation rights with the child who professed to have been sexually attacked in her home, Falco faced a turning point.

"The deal I made with God was me for her," Falco confessed to Phoenix Police Investigator Robert Mills.

By his own admission, Falco blew his mother-in-law away with a high-powered, semi-automatic, 9-mm Browning pistol as Miller sat talking on the phone in her office at the Valley Massage Clinic.

"Falco stated he got to a distance of three to four feet away from his motherin-law, then fired," relates Mills. "I asked him how many times he pulled the trigger. He couldn't recall."

In fact, Falco—who claimed God had given him "the green light to eliminate the source of evil" in his life—had emptied a full clip into Miller. One slug struck Miller in the left breast and exited through the right. A second entered her left jaw and cut a path down Miller's throat into the center of her chest. Three



"Don't tell me you're not addicted to that damn thing, Monica—these electric bills are outrageous!"

Mother-in-Law

Falco emptied a full clip into his mother-in-law from a distance of three to four feet. He claimed God had given him "the green light to eliminate the source of evil" in his life.

additional bullets carved up Miller's forearms and shoulders, while a sixth struck her in the temple and blew out the back of her skull.

"My life is not important," stated Falco in a message to his wife, taperecorded hours before the killing. "[My mother-in-law] has got to be stopped."

Psychologist Linda DeVillers of Los Angeles, California, considers the relationship between mother and daughter to be the key component in most instances of a mother-in-law's intrusive behavior.

"These cases are often a dysfunctional co-conspiracy," believes DeVillers, "in which the mom doesn't want to let go, and the wife, lacking the ability to establish herself as an autonomous person, starts listening to her mother more than her husband."

November 1989: Separated from his Lebanese wife, Azadouhie, after twoand-a-half-years of marriage, St. Louis, Missouri, tow-truck driver Masroub Sahakian, 37, accused his wife's mother,

Marie Deukmedjian, 62, of preventing a

reconciliation. When Sahakian discov-

ered that Deukmedjian planned to move his wife and two children to her home in Pasadena, California, he snapped.

Claiming he wanted to see them off on their trip, Sahakian met his former wife and mother-in-law at the airport immediately prior to their departure. En route to the ticket counter, Sahakian drew a .38caliber automatic and shot Deukmedjian in the head, killing her instantly.

The murder done, Sahakian calmly tossed his handgun aside, removed his coat and gloves and waited for the airport police to arrive. Sahakian interrupted his subsequent criminal trial with several verbal outbursts, claiming that, like his mother-in-law, the court had no business interfering in his family affairs.

November 1989: In a brutal knife attack, Michael Caputo, 39, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, struck his mother-in-law, Angelina Papastamos, 69, with such ferocity that many of the 17 wounds he inflicted broke her bones. Caputo also killed his estranged wife, Helen, 42, who received 22 stab wounds.

The bodies were found in the bloodspattered bedroom of Papastamos's Jamaica Plain apartment, where Helen had moved after filing for divorce from Caputo. With no sign of forced entry—and evidence to suggest that the women had been asleep prior to the attack—detectives targeted Caputo as their prime suspect for the killings.

"The only solution to my problems is to kill them," Caputo had told a friend, according to testimony.

The jury took less than seven hours to convict the defendant on two counts of first-degree murder. Suffolk Superior Court Judge Elbert Tuttle sentenced the convicted killer to serve two consecutive sentences of life in prison without parole.

March 1992: Mark Masters, 28, of Plainfield, New Jersey, allegedly murdered his wife's mother to prevent her from selling portions of the estate into which he'd recently married.

Masters was apprehended by police while in the process of burying his victim's body in the basement of a 90-year-old, 34-room mansion—a property that, by coincidence, had served as the setting for the 1989 horror film *Basket Case II*.

Mary Mason, 74, and her daughter, Minka, 41, both widows, had purchased the mansion in 1990. The pair had hired Masters to be their handyman. A few months later, Masters and Minka Mason were married.

Authorities believe that Masters strangled his mother-in-law after learning that she intended to sell the mansion, along with some of her other real-estate holdings. Masters then woke his wife and informed her that her mother had died in her sleep. Allegedly, Masters asked his bride to help him stash the body, telling her he was afraid he would be blamed for his mother-in-law's death. Minka Masters fled the house and dialed 911.

"Masters was in the process of dismembering the victim when the police arrived," reports Union County Prosecutor Andrew Ruotolo, Jr.

Evidently, the handyman got only as far as chopping off Mary Mason's hands with an ax before barricading himself in the basement with the mutilated corpse of his mother-in-law. Armed with a sawed-off shotgun, a semi-automatic handgun and two grenades, Masters launched into a shoot-out with authorities.

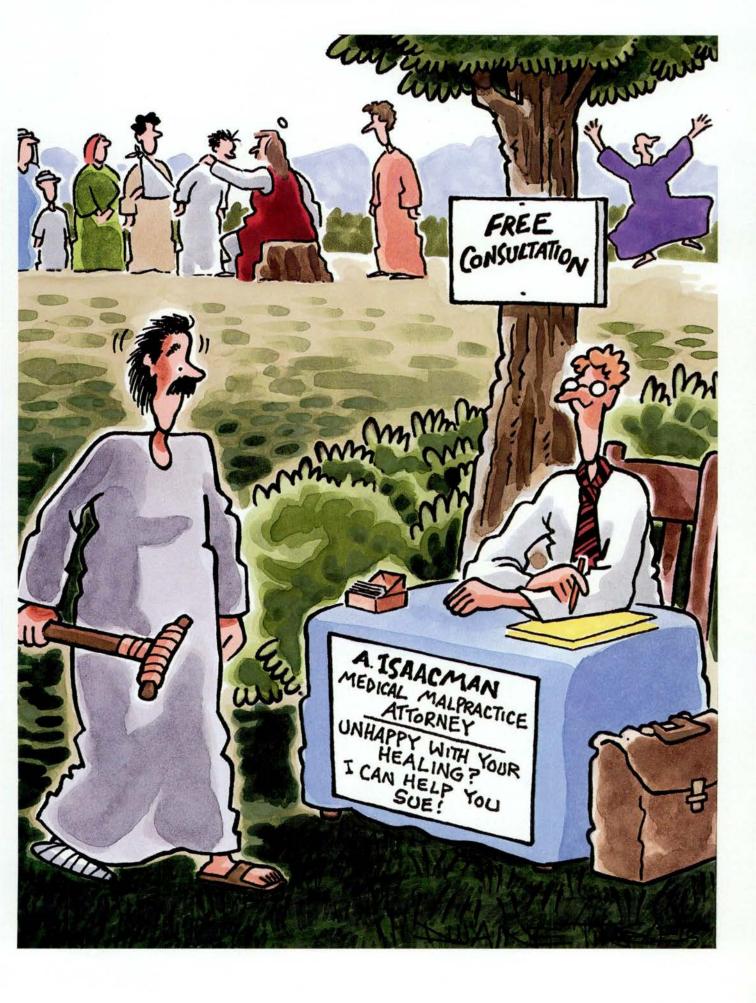
The siege ended 18 hours later when Masters accidentally wounded himself in the chest. Upon his recovery, he was charged with first-degree murder and seven counts of aggravated assault for having fired at police.

December 1992: Lamar Huff, Jr., 48, of Fulton County, Georgia, killed his mother-in-law, Betty Turner, for no reason other than to spite his estranged wife, Bridgett, 33. According to authori-

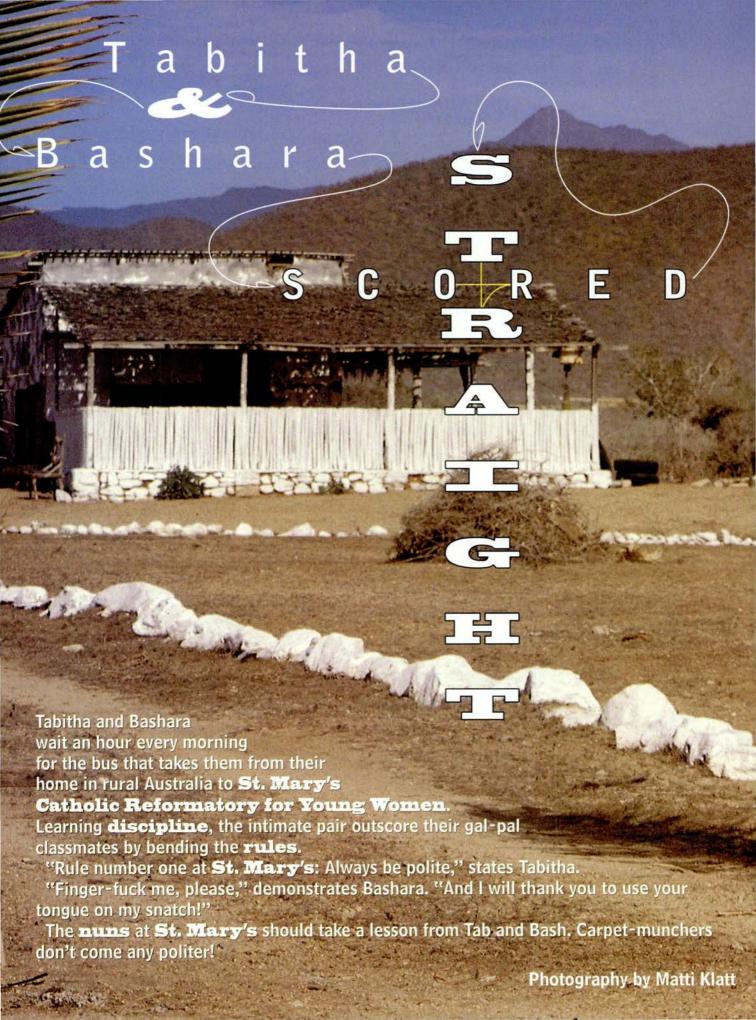
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"Okay, Agnes—there's three pieces of identification. Now c'mon, no more stalling— I'm your husband. <u>Gimme some pussy!</u>"



















Mother-in-Law

Jablonski had sex with his dead mother-in-law, then mutilated the two corpses. Afterward, he showered, shaved and sat down to a dinner the two women had prepared for him.

ties, Huff felt he was getting the short end of a bitterly contested divorce and child-custody action.

Police reports indicate that Huff entered his mother-in-law's house and took her hostage in an effort to force his estranged wife to talk to him. Over the phone, Turner informed Bridgett Huff that she was being held at gunpoint, and that if her daughter didn't get over to the house within 30 minutes, the old lady feared she would be killed by her son-in-law.

Police arrived to find Huff at Turner's front door, brandishing a pistol. Officers scurried for cover, but Huff put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger. Inside the house, Turner lay sprawled, shot to death.

Huff survived the suicide attempt. Convicted of murdering his mother-inlaw, he was sentenced to life in prison.

April 1991: Philip Jablonski, 47, slew his wife, Carol Spadoni, 47, along with her mother, Eva Peterson, 72, of Burlingame, California. Unlike most mother-in-law killers, Peterson's son-inlaw was a convicted murderer at the time he married her daughter.

Spadoni met Jablonski through a

church-sponsored prison outreach program in 1980. At the time, Jablonski was incarcerated for the 1978 slaving of his third wife. He was also serving time for the rape of his second wife and for the attempted rape of his mother-in-law. Reportedly, Jablonski had tried to strangle his own mother during a prison visit.

When the couple exchanged wedding vows in 1982, Spadoni likely assumed that her psychopathic spouse would remain locked up for the remainder of his life. In September 1990, however, Jablonski was paroled. After embarking on a week-long murder spree in April 1991, the killer dropped by his bride's home for a visit.

The night before, Jablonski had raped and murdered acquaintance Fathyma Vann, 38, near Palm Springs.

"Sorry, sweet thing, can't leave no witnesses," Jablonski recalled telling Vann before shooting her with a .22 automatic. Authorities believe Jablonski raped and mutilated Vann's corpse in the nearby desert, carving the words I LOVE JESUS into her back.

In a grisly, tape-recorded narrative made during the murders, Jablonski spoke of visiting his wife and mother-inlaw and committing a double homicide.

"I hugged Carol," he recounted. "I grabbed her around the waist, around the throat. Told Eva to strip, Eva said, 'Don't try to scare me with that gun.' I said, 'You don't strip, I'm gonna shoot you between your beautiful breasts.' She didn't, and I shot her...and I just turned the gun and shot Carol through the brain."

Jablonski also talked of having sex with his dead mother-in-law, then mutilating the two corpses. Afterward, he showered, shaved and sat down to a dinner the women had prepared for him.

During the killer's November 1993 sanity trial in San Mateo County, defense psychiatrists testified that Jablonski suffered from schizophrenia, a mental disorder that caused him to hear voices. Prosecutor Martin Murray countered by playing the killer's tape.

"This is the mind of a murderer," Murray told the jury.

Subsequently found mentally compe-

tent to stand trial, the parolee was convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to death in January 1994.

May 1991: Paul Gamboa Taylor, 30, of York, Pennsylvania, murdered his wife, Valerie, 23, and his mother-in-law, Donna Barshinger, 42, in a fit of rage believed to have been brought about by domestic stress.

"Things were piling up on him," recalls neighbor Donna Lewis, "He was laid off. His wife's mother lived with him."

According to County Coroner Kathryn Fourhman-Olewiler, Taylor's victims died of brain lacerations due to depressed skull fractures resulting from the blows of a hammer.

"Taylor's mother-in-law received the worst beating," states York County District Attorney Stanley Rebert. "She was bludgeoned literally beyond recognition."

Valerie Taylor arrived home a short time after her mother's murder, to be dispatched in a similar manner.

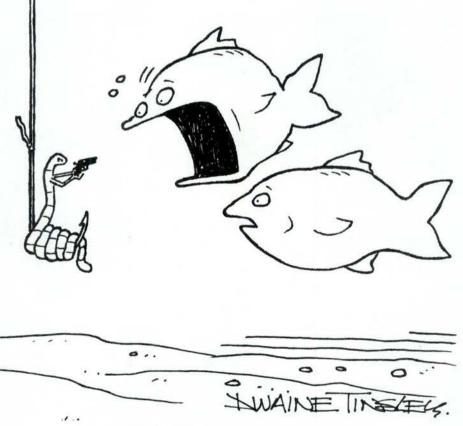
Authorities were initially unable to establish a motive for the killings.

"[Paul] was a very nice person," says family friend Shonda Billet.

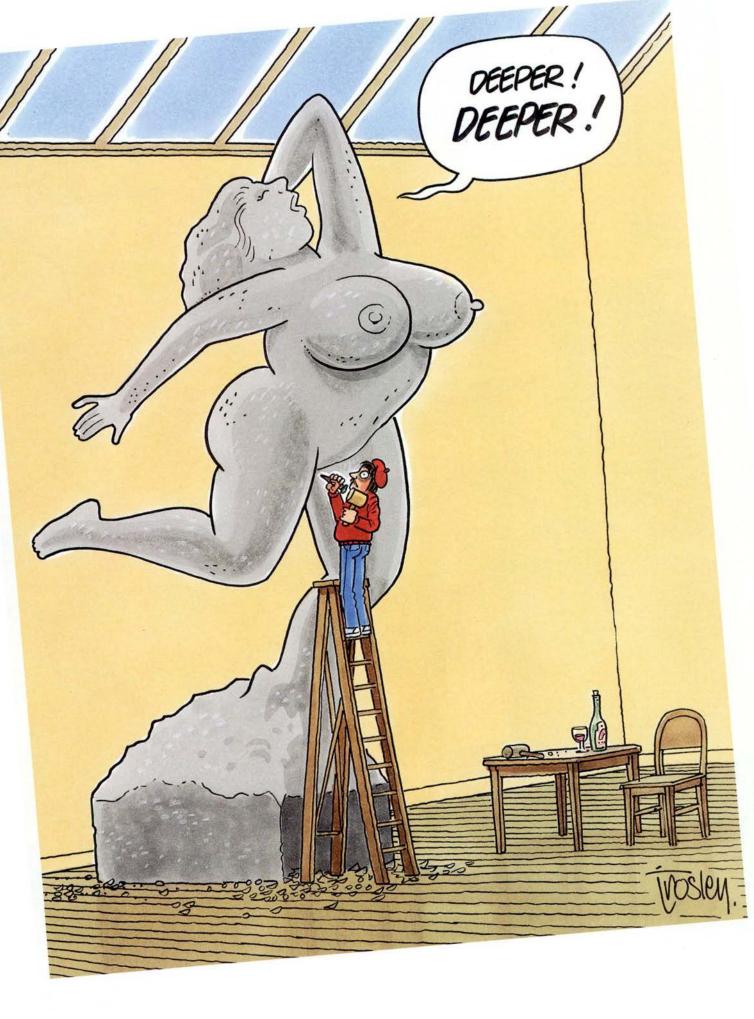
Immediately following the murders, Taylor tried repeatedly to kill himself. He slashed his wrists with a hacksaw, drank lighter fluid, stabbed himself in the chest with a knife and dropped a hair dryer in the tub in an attempt at electrocution. Failing to end his life, he finally called the police.

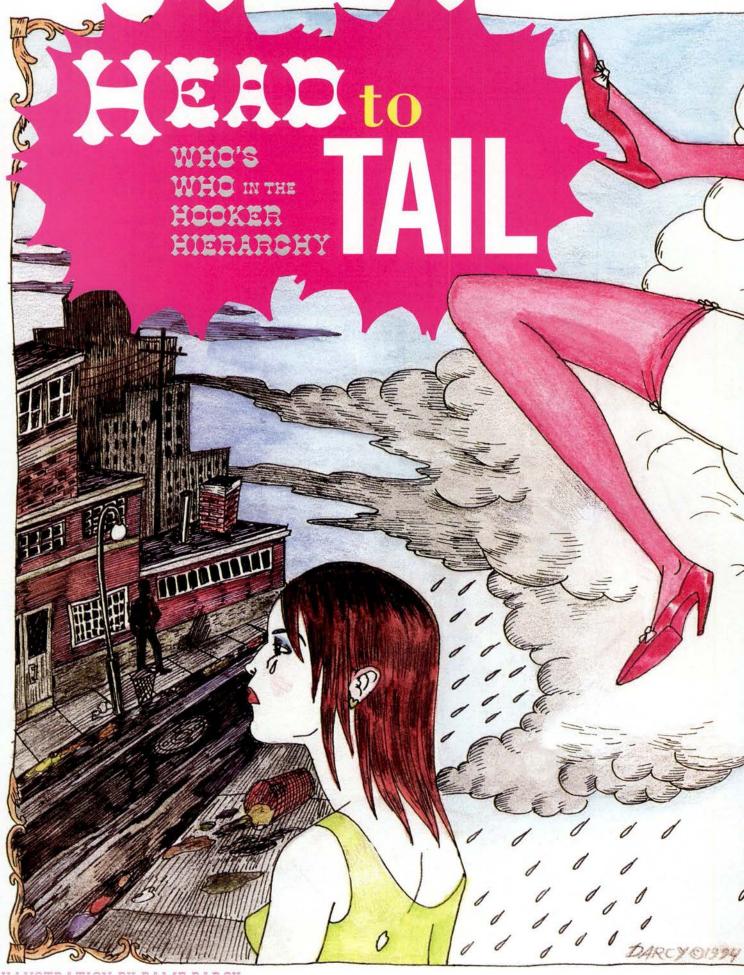
Taylor pleaded guilty to the slayings at his December 1991 trial, saying that he'd tried to kill himself because he "loved his family." He was subsequently given a death sentence.

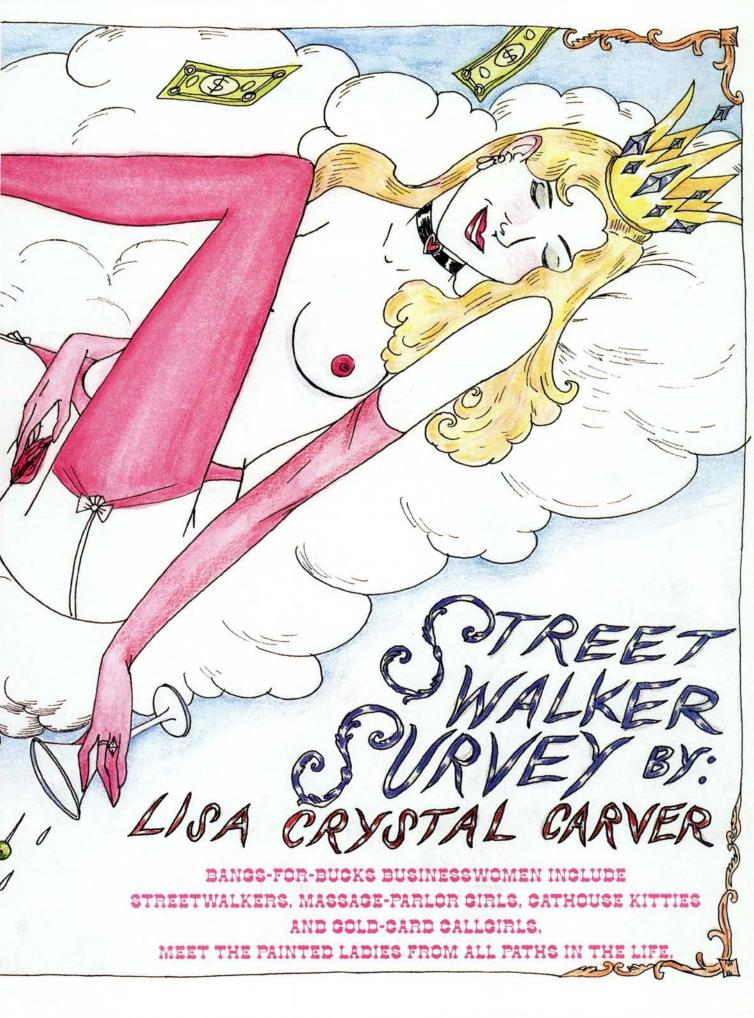
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"Hold it, Bill-this guy means business!"







Hookers

Author Jerzy Kosinski regularly patronized the S&M house where Lisa worked. Recalling the late Kosinski prompts her to remark: "Eating human skin can upset your stomach."

to pretend to be grand. Working the low end of the business, she knows she has to get what she can while she can.

Carrie: The Massage Beat

"We looked down on street whores," declares former massage-parlor girl Carrie. Twenty-three years old, dressed in a T-shirt and trousers and wearing her shoulder-length blond hair unkempt, Carrie resembles a disheveled preppie. She no longer sells her sex. Married, with a one-year-old son, Carrie now earns a living as a professional photographer.

"At the parlor where I worked," she recalls, "guys always took a shower before touching the girls. Not like the scum on the streets. We thought street girls were dirty and stupid. Street girls sometimes came to work at the parlor for a few days, but they never lasted long. There were usually marks on their skin—bruises, cuts. Their lingerie was pitiful, and they always looked scared, like they were about to be hit."

Like any sex-service venue, the parlor held an element of risk. Carrie remembers a coked-out bruiser who paid only for a handjob and then tried to rape her. When she screamed, the owner of the parlor busted through the door brandishing a pearl-handled revolver.

Carrie says she enjoyed her massageparlor year. "I saved \$10,000 and built a fully equipped darkroom in my basement. Working as a waitress or secretary would've taken me *years* to save that much."

Reclining in comfortable surroundings, Carrie exhibits a personal nature as bold as the bright, primary colors decorating everything in her home, including the refrigerator and stove.

"I got into hooking the same way I seem to get into everything—out of curiosity," Carrie explains. "One day, a friend and I answered an exotic-dancer ad in the newspaper. Our job interview entailed dancing in our bras and panties. We were hired, but I never did get around to dancing. I could've danced at parties if I'd wanted to, but I didn't like the thought of 30 strange guys versus me and one bodyguard. Most of my clients wanted only to talk for half of the hour they had with me."

A friend of Carrie's named Candy drops by to return some borrowed clothes. About 20 years old, 5-3, with small, perfect features, green eyes and long, curly, light-brown hair, Candy wears silver heels and a black-and-silver top that hugs her perfect breasts and wasp waist. Tight, white pants look lucky on her exquisite legs.

"My hooker clothes were so expensive," laughs Carrie, "and they're really pretty, but I don't want to wear them around my husband. I'd just give them to Candy, but...you never know."

"I've jerked off ten guys and sucked off three, and it's only two o'clock," Candy brags, puffing a Virginia Slim. Her voice, like the rest of her, is small, pretty and hard. "I gotta go back [to work at the brothel] from six to nine. Eileen [Candy's madam] is such a bloodsucker. One of the blowjobs gave me \$10 extra, and when I gave Eileen the regular \$15 commission, that bitch goes, 'I believe this should be \$18?' She knew the guy gives the girls \$10 extra-some ignorant piece of shit who had him before me must've told her. Three fuckin' bucks. I bet she charges her roommate 20¢ if he puts a 60-watt bulb in the bathroom when it's his turn, instead of the 75-watt bulb she put in before. Carrie, can I borrow your fuzzy blue mules?"

Carrie heads off to the closet to retrieve the shoes.

"Do you want my blue boa too?" Carrie shouts from the bedroom. Candy shouts back no.

When asked if she might be interviewed about her hooking career, Candy narrows her emerald eyes. "I do this all day long. You think I want to talk about it? I don't want to think about it."

Carrie returns. Candy thanks her for the mules, kisses her on the cheek and says her goodbyes.

"Candy's not always so impolite," excuses Carrie. "She's tired, that's all. We used to work together at a parlor owned by a guy named Al. Besides the door money, which is \$50 to \$100, most parlor owners take 40% of what a girl gets. Al only took door money. His girls took home everything they earned. I think he runs that place just to have pretty girls around him. Candy quit working there because not many customers go to Al's—it's out of the way, and Al doesn't advertise much. I always thought that was good, 'cause the cops never bothered to bust Al's. They bust the new place Candy works—Eileen's nearly every month."

Carrie runs a manicured hand through her casual mane as she outlines the typical business routine at Al's massage parlor.



"Welcome aboard, sir. How was your luck in Las Vegas?"

(continued on page 110)

VISITORS John Billette

Hookers

"There were some real skanky guys on the prowl where we worked. Sometimes I had to clothespin my nose when I opened their pants. Especially the ones who were uncircumcised."

From street-level to suite-level, daughters of joy put their sex up for sale. Sussing out sweet tarts from various walks of the jizz biz, writer Lisa Crystal Carver finds that painted ladies of many colors share one thing in common: a head—and tail—for making money with honey. Listen hard as Linda, Carrie, Lisa and Marya recount their experiences in the oldest form of commodity exchange.

Linda: Ground-Floor Whore

Twenty-seven-year-old Linda's chestnut hair is bleached gold. Her face has the look of a rambunctious little girl in need of a good scrubbing—all soft angles and sort of dumb-looking, promising fun and trouble. Along with pert, champagne-glass breasts, Linda features, as she puts it, "an ass and legs that have always gotten me through in this world."

Lively and bold, Linda is the type of woman who would slap a passerby's ass on a whim. While she can't be trusted with someone else's money, she can be trusted to tell the truth without glamorizing her actions.

"Basically everything in my life re-

volves around sex," begins Linda, "starting from day one, with my father molesting me."

In ninth grade, Linda became pregnant and ran away from home. She bore two additional children in quick succession; all three were taken from her by child-welfare officials. Linda started walking the red-light strips in Orlando, Florida, at age 17.

"I got into hooking with my friend Karen—a rich girl who didn't get along with her parents," Linda explains from the well-worn couch in her unassuming home. "We cruised the strip where all the titty bars were. It started out as a joke. It was exciting—a lot of adrenaline. We were the only white women out on the street. One day, two black gentlemen invited us to a diner for hot chocolate. They were dressed in expensive suits. They said they could teach us how to hook in a more professional, lucrative manner. They taught us how to dress. The idea was to look like a hooker. I had a leopard-skin skirt that zipped up the front. A handjob was \$15. For a blowjob, we'd nudge up to \$25. We'd do it in the guy's car."

Asked if she and her friend had a special, sexy technique for soliciting customers, Linda laughs. "We'd say, 'Hey, you wanna blowjob?' The worst part was that there were some real skanky guys on the prowl where we worked. Sometimes I had to clothespin my nose when I opened their pants. 'No way—you stink!' Especially the ones who were uncircumcised. But there were desperate nights when I took what I could get. Sometimes there were desperate weeks."

Linda remembers bleak times on the streets.

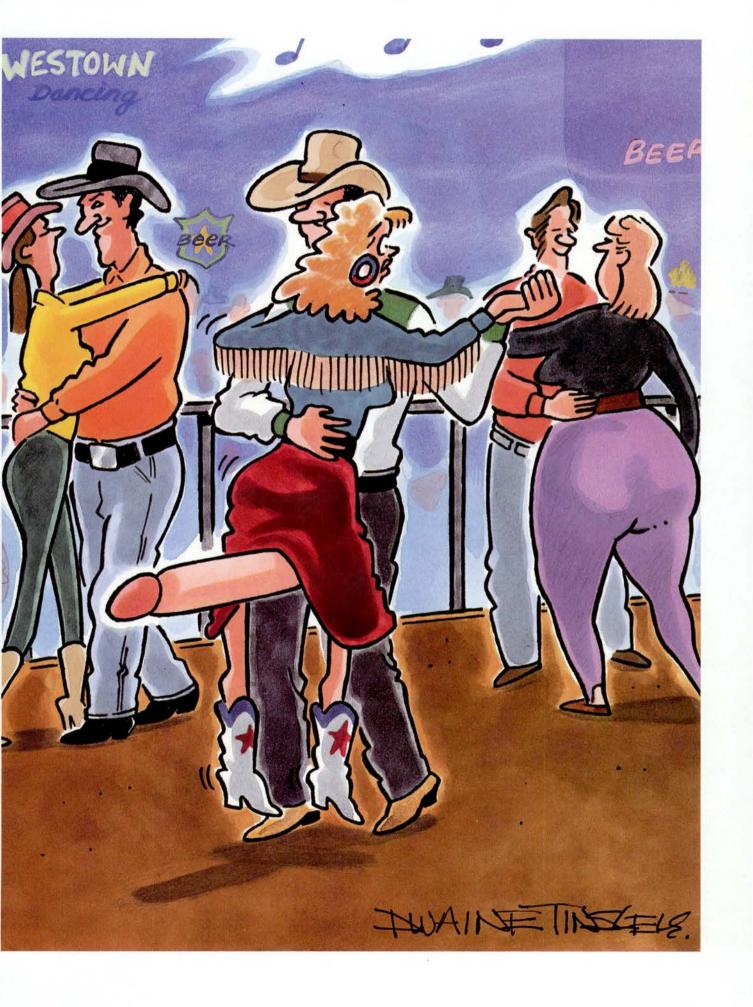
"One night, Karen and I were arrested," she recalls. "Since we were minors, we got locked up in juvenile hall, but we ran away. Karen went back to her parents; I went back to my pimp, Jimmy Long. After that, I slept with cops on a regular basis, and they more or less looked after me. No money was exchanged. One time, though, I tried to give a cop a blowjob. He said, 'I don't think so.' I had to fuck him. And then he busted me!

"Who's kidding who?" She reaches for another unfiltered Camel. "There's no guarantees in this life. If you want to survive on the street, you have to know how to run like hell. I've jumped out of a car going 60 m.p.h. I've robbed men. I can't say I never have. You have to know how to disappear for a while after you do that. I've been robbed. Beaten. Raped. I've had guns put to my head. There's not a hell of a lot you can do. Does no good to say, 'You don't have to stick no damn gun to my head. I'll just give it to you.' Your feelings are gone. What is sex without a warm feeling? It's lying down to let someone stick something in you. If you're a working girl on the street, you've got to hide your emotions. You have to close your eyes. Get it up, get it in, get it out. I still have a very sexual appetite, but I don't know how to show my emotions now. What emotions I do have are fucked up.

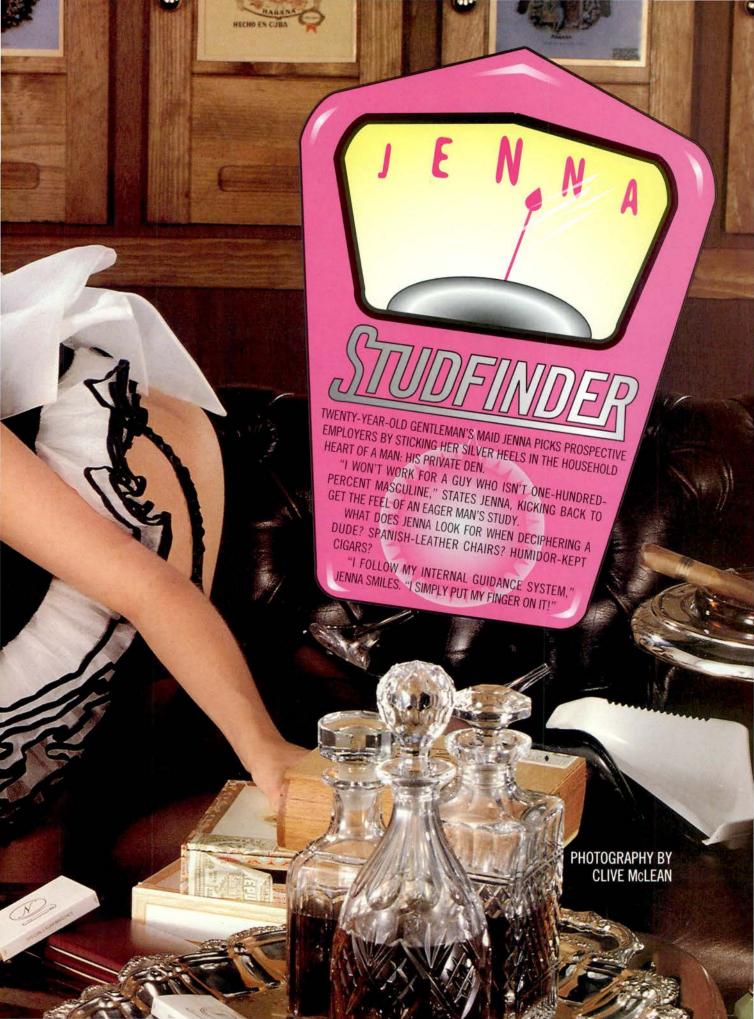
"I don't think any less of a woman who prostitutes herself. A lot of girls have kids to support. If they're nasty about it, I don't like that. Women who know they have AIDS and still fuck without protection are destroying lives. It's a fight to keep safe. Pimps will tell white hookers and black hookers: Do not sleep with black men. Black men are too mean on prostitutes. And you're gonna end up dead. And I'll tell you never get it in the back of a van. I was raped by five guys in the back of a van."

The only hooker interviewed who called collect to set up an interview time—even though the option existed for all of the girls—Linda can't afford









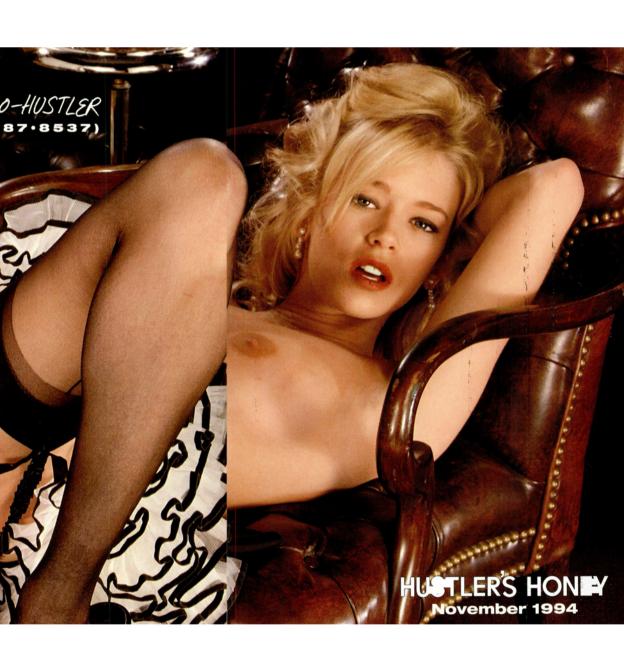








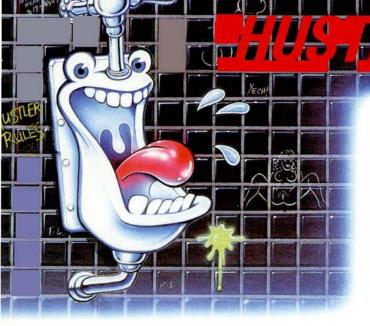








Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker



Little Red Riding Hood skipped merrily through the woods on her way to Grandma's house.

"Beware, Red Riding Hood!" hooted a wise old owl from his perch. "The big, bad wolf wants to play with your titties."

"Not with this girl," Red Riding Hood assured him.

Further down the path, a frog croaked, "Beware, Red Riding Hood! The big, bad wolf wants to play with your titties."

"Don't worry about me, Mr. Frog," the confident girl declared.

Finally, from behind a tree leapt the big, bad wolf.

Drooling with sinister glee, he shouted, "Hello, Red Riding Hood! I'm going to play with your titties!"

"Bullshit!" Red Riding Hood snarled back. In one sudden motion, she reached into her picnic basket and whipped out a loaded gun. "You, Mr. Big, Bad Wolf," she instructed, "are going to eat me, just like it says in that stupid story."

Question: What did the Mexican do with his first 50-cent piece?

Answer: He married her.

Prinks are on me," middle-aged Willy proclaimed as he waltzed into his favorite barroom, "because today I am finally taller than my older brother, Joe."

"Don't tell me you're still growing," the bartender said.

"Nope," replied Willy. "Joe was in a car accident this afternoon. They had to amputate both his legs."

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *overcome* as: how it feels to sleep on the wet spot.

Question: What do Washington, Jefferson and Roosevelt have in common?

Answer: They were the last white people to have those names.

Angelo's mama tried hard to raise him right. The day her boy left Sicily for the United States, she cautioned him: "Angelo, don't ever marry an American girl. They can't cook, they're no good in bed, and they'll call you insulting names like dago, wop and guinea."

A year later, Angelo called his mother with important news. "I'm sorry, Mama, but I went against your wishes," he confessed. "I married an American girl."

"Angelo," his poor mama cried, "you'll never be able to trust her...."

"You got the Americans all wrong, Ma," Angelo interrupted. "My Tania is a good cook, she's great in bed, and the only time she tells me I'm a dago is if I call her a nigger."

Question: What does 80-year-old pussy taste like? Answer: Depends.

A San Francisco cab driver struck up a conversation with his young male passenger, who casually asked, "If you woke up to find your asshole bleeding and covered in Vaseline, would you tell anyone?"

"Well, uh, probably not," the startled cabbie responded.

"Great!" the passenger beamed. "Will you go camping with me?"

Question: Why didn't the leper cross the road?

Answer: He didn't have the balls.

Richardson and Clark, a pair of hotshot law partners, hired a voluptuous 18-year-old named Karen to be their secretary.

Neither of the attorneys could resist sleeping with her and, soon enough, the young girl became pregnant. The two men agreed to split the costs of raising the child.

Nine months later, Karen gave birth. Richardson phoned Clark with the results.

"I've got some good news and some bad news," he said. "The good news is that Karen had twins."

"What's the bad news?" Clark asked.

"Mine died."

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *erection* as: how the Japanese choose their president.

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"Jennifer, we thought it was time you met your father."

Hookers

Marya's beauty took her to the top of her profession. The famous men who paid to bed her included Hollywood's biggest-name director, who "liked to have a dildo shoved up his ass."

"This is how it worked at Al's," Carrie explains. "The client comes in, picks a girl, takes a shower and then goes into a room where the girl gives him a massage and whatever else he wants. I charged \$60 for a handjob, \$75 for a blowjob—always with a rubber—and \$100 for straight sex. I'd do anything the client wanted-a golden shower, a lesbian show. Those things went for about \$150. I liked being charming for money. Candy doesn't like men. One time, a guy asked her to help him tie his shoe for him when he was dressing after fucking her. She refused. She doesn't think she's a whore. I don't know what she thinks she does for a living."

Lisa: Specialty Sell

Thirty-six-year-old Lisa has whored in various New York brothels for 13 years. Contacted at a residence in France, where she is visiting her fiancé's family, Lisa shares the intimate details of her working-girl career, such as the time she catheterized a client with a glass tube in order to administer the harsh homemade speed known as *crank* intravenously, keeping the client's skin punctured for hours.

"That was a great deal of fun," remembers Lisa.

In 1981, Lisa began trading sex for cash at a brothel that featured outcall as well as in-house service. According to Lisa, brothels offering an outcall option enlist girls of greater refinement.

"Girls working outcalls have to get past hotel security," she explains, "which means they have to look presentable."

During her stay at the straight-sex brothel, most of Lisa's clients were lawyers.

"Generally, the customers paid around \$50 for sex," recalls Lisa. "They tended to be cheap. But many were regulars; so we forgave them."

Shortly after joining the brothel, Lisa moved on to an S&M house, where she still works today.

"I'm old-fashioned as far as sadomasochism goes," she says. "I don't believe that slaves should see me nude, for instance, and I don't approve of slaves having sex with the mistress."

Lisa's conservative approach belies the eye-opening range of experiences she's racked up in the trade.

Renowned author Jerzy Kosinski reg-



ularly patronized the S&M house where Lisa worked. Recalling the late Kosinski prompts her to remark: "Eating human skin can upset your stomach. Eat the muscle—and drink the blood—but don't eat the skin.

"When I was working at the straightsex place," Lisa continues, "I was sent to a hotel to service a writer for Saturday Night Live who was a complete drug fiend. He wanted me to shit on him. I explained that I wasn't allowed to do that—I'd get in trouble at the house. He got crazy. Things got completely out of control. I hesitated to see anyone famous after that. Famous people tend to be weird about sex."

Lisa shares the business details of her gigs as a submissive: "To beat me up for about an hour, including sex, without anal penetration or piercing the skin, I charge \$125 to \$150. When I work as a dominant mistress, I charge less, but I enjoy it more."

Marya: Fucking Famous

"I don't look down on the girls on the street," insists high-priced callgirl Marya. "The fact that I make more money doesn't matter. I'm a prostitute, as are they."

Marya grew up in St. Petersburg, Russia, in an environment as far away economically as geographically from her adopted American home.

"I never knew my father," Marya states. "My mother was a nurse. She and I lived in a communal apartment. I was greatly attracted to wealth. I didn't care to pursue an academic education. I had aspirations to be an actress."

Marya entered the United States with her American husband 20 years ago. When they eventually divorced, Marya turned to prostitution as her means of survival.

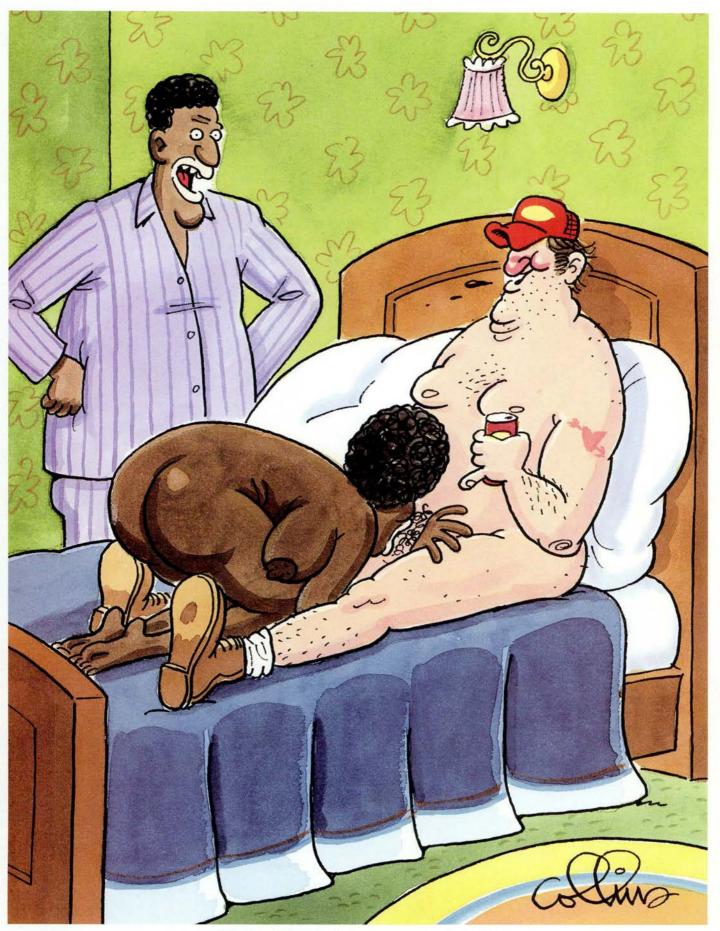
"I could always get anything I wanted out of men," Marya states matter-of-factly. "I like the attention of powerful men."

Marya shares with Lisa memories of erotic encounters with Jerzy Kosinski. Soon after her divorce, Marya met Kosinski at a book signing.

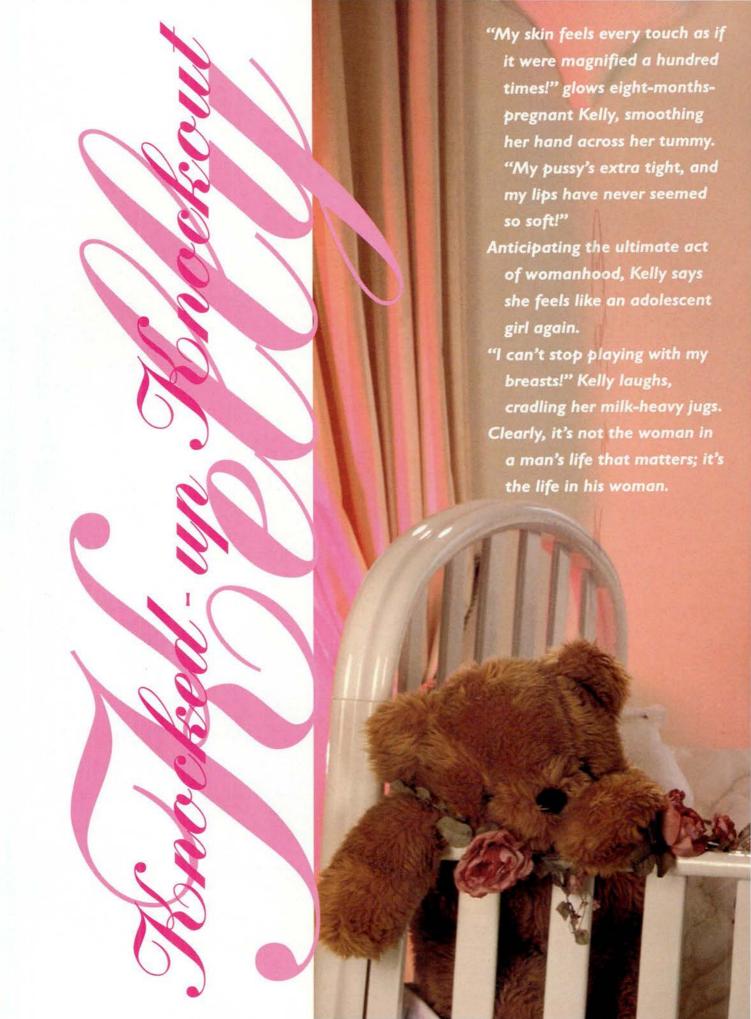
"Kosinski would beat me up because it gave him sexual pleasure," recalls Marya. "He would bite my vagina until it bled. I did not enjoy that. I allowed it because I was in awe of his fame and connections."

Kosinski introduced Marya to a fashionable madam in New York, and Marya's beauty quickly took her to the top of her profession. The famous men who paid to bed her included Hollywood's biggest-name director, who "liked to have a dildo shoved up his

(continued on page 120)



"You know I hate it when you eat crackers in bed."





















Mother-in-Law

(continued from page 90)

According to Linda DeVillers, a key irritating trait of intrusive mothers-in-law is their attitude that they know best—which, says DeVillers, is often due to a narcissistic personality disorder.

"The term goes beyond being selfcentered, into having a real need to put your own needs first," DeVillers explains. "Also a need to control the environment. The middle-aged woman who hangs on to her daughter in order to maintain a sense of meaning in her life develops a narcissistic tunnel vision. With those women, it's usually, 'I'm going to put you one down so that I can keep feeling one up."

January 1986: Fredrick Hollan, 42, of Des Plaines, Illinois, sent his best friend, Wally Maksymiw, home from Vietnam in a body bag in 1968. Later, after Hollan married Maksymiw's kid sister, Anna, the veteran soldier fell victim to the battle-related mental dysfunction known as post-traumatic stress disorder, in which frequent blackouts are accompanied by wartime flashbacks.

Hollan was an alcoholic. His condition bothered his mother-in-law, Nadia Maksymiw, 65, so much that in January 1986, she tried to force him to seek treatment. Hollan did not take it well.

"[Hollan] was walking around talking with the walls," recalls his wife. "He was giving orders to soldiers who weren't there, talking about dead bodies and how they smelled, and about ambushes."

During one such hallucination, Maksymiw held her hands up as if to surrender, but Hollan, who often carried a loaded weapon, gunned his mother-inlaw down

During the veteran's criminal trial, the defense argued that Hollan should be judged not guilty by reason of insanity. Cook County Prosecutor Joe Kasmersky maintained that Hollan was sane and alert when he killed Maksymiw. Kasmersky noted that when the police arrived, Hollan surrendered voluntarily and confessed to the killing.

Associate Judge Arthur Janura, Jr., found Hollan guilty. The former combat soldier was sentenced to 20 years in prison.

Defense psychiatrist Henry Conroe was incensed by the verdict.

"Hollan was only attempting to protect himself, just like he did in Vietnam," the psychiatrist explained. "He was simply stalking the enemy. The enemy, in this case, happened to be his mother-in-law."

Hookers

(continued from page 110)

ass," says Marya. She entertained superstar actors, rockers and politicians, many of whom expressed their gratitude with expensive gifts as well as her customary fee.

"I received gold jewelry, bottles of Opium perfume, furs, stoles, Hermés scarves, Chanel purses," Marya reminisces. "Many of my clients took me out socially. They enjoyed being seen with a beautiful woman."

Earning between \$200 and \$1,000 per session at the height of her career, Marya surrendered 40% of her daily receipts to her madam.

Now 40, Marya claims to have lost her looks, but her big-busted figure still draws men's eyes wherever she goes. Even unconsciously, Marya is selling herself, and arranges the goods to their greatest effect.

When asked if she saved any money during her years of good fortune, Marya shakes her head.

"None, period," she says wistfully. "I'm not very business-minded."

Hookers Never Get Laid Off—They Just Get Laid Less Often

What sort of retirement plan does a prostitute have to look forward to?

Says Carrie of her hooker friend, Candy: "Candy keeps signing up for computer classes, but she never goes more than once or twice. Once a girl's gotten into prostitution, it's more than just the money that keeps her there. It's that other people, people outside the business, just aren't much like her anymore. She gets into drugs, she has to have secrets.... I was able to quit because I always knew I wanted to be a professional photographer. But I'd go back to hooking in a flash if my photography fell through, or if there was an emergency in my family. I love photography, but I never would have left prostitution for some other stupid job.

Echoes aging callgirl Marya: "When I got my American citizenship, I became a clerk. The money I earned there was nothing."

"A woman who does sadomasochism is unlike conventional prostitutes in that the older she gets, the more she is valued, and the more money she can charge," says S&M specialist Lisa, who claims to be more fortunate than most other ladies of the night.

Concludes streetwalker Linda: "I can still call somebody up and say, 'Hey!' and get a few bucks. But I'm old now. The money I make now, I consider my social security checks."

BEANER HUNTE

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This dancer must knock 'em dead in Mauldin, South Carolina.

Jennifer's hobbies are swimming, camping and having sex. In fact, at the end of her shift, the talented 19-year-old says, she's horny I can't wait to get home to let my juices flow!" Her fantasy is to be stranded on an island with a group of men—none of whom look like Herve Villechaize. Photo by Friend



Scuba diving may be sexy Sabrina's hobby, but with a chest as buoyant as hers, it's a wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-old diversity trainer from Largo, wonder she can sink below the surface. A 22-year-ol



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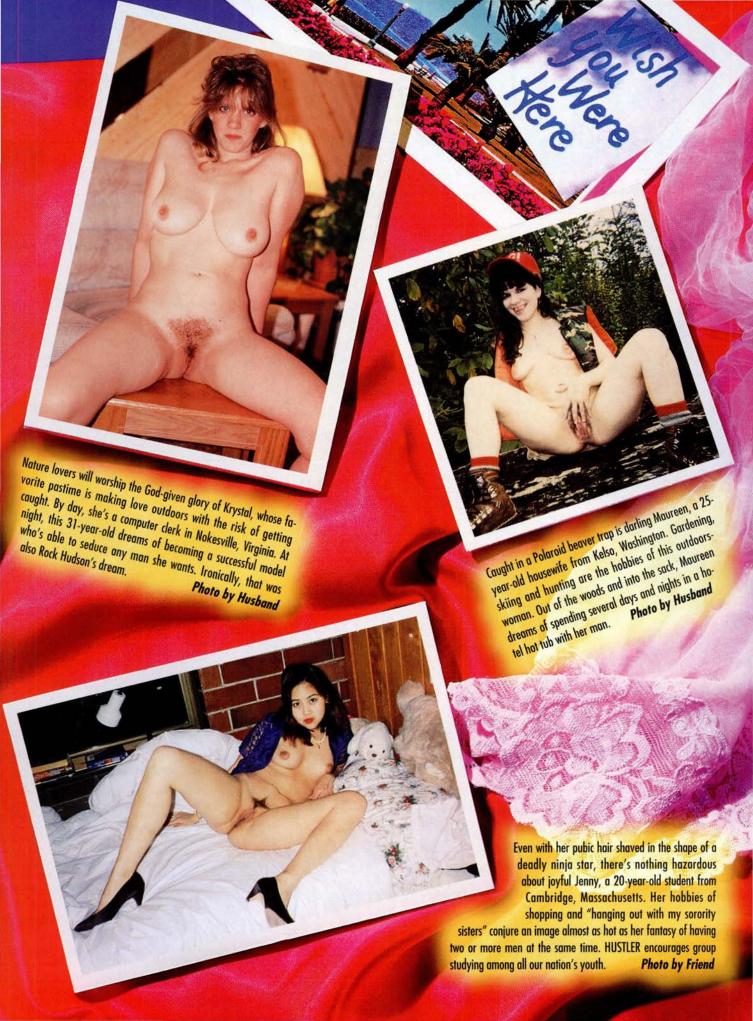
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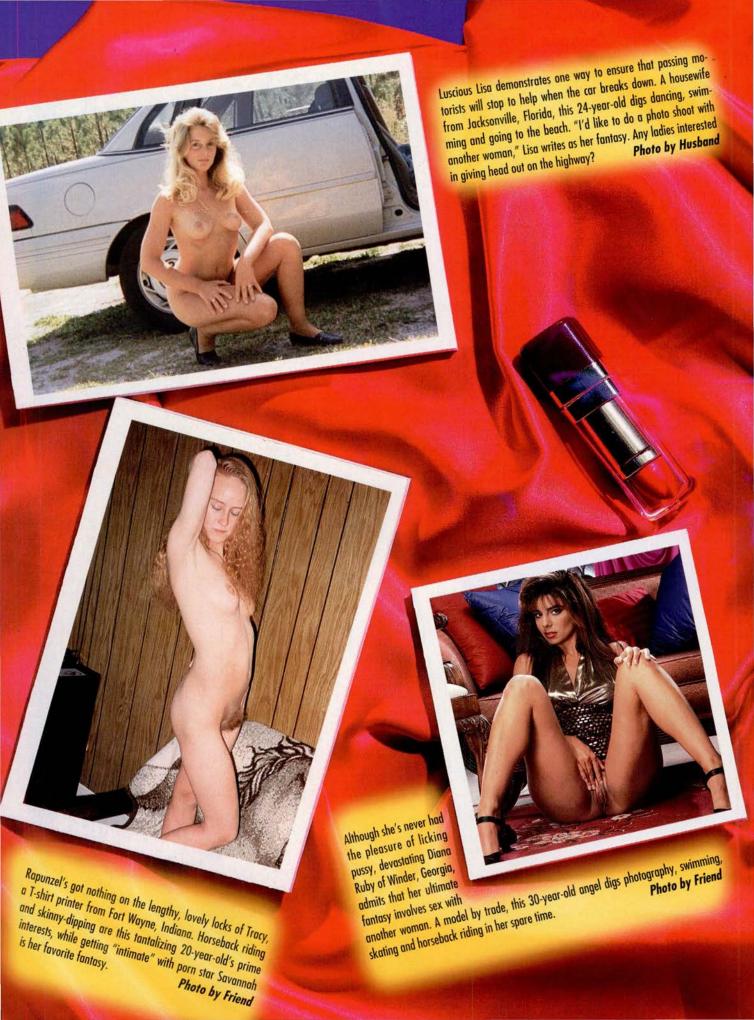
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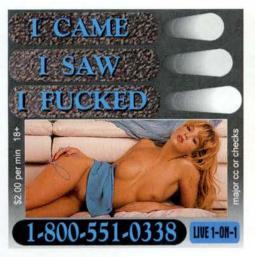
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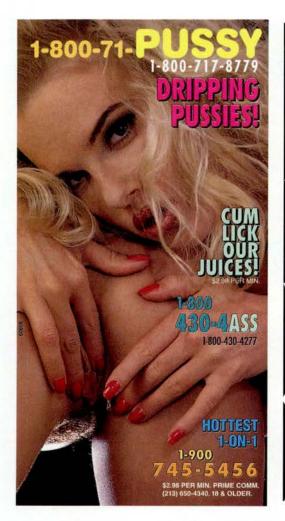




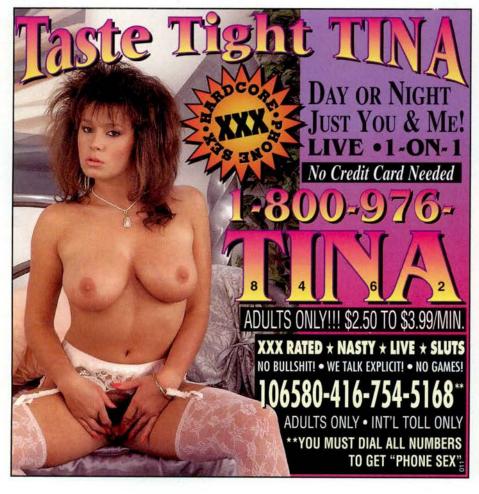
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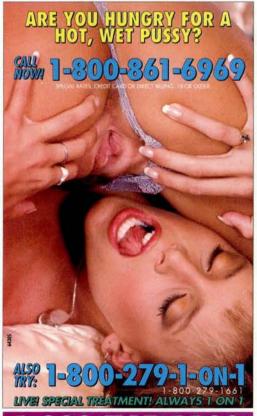






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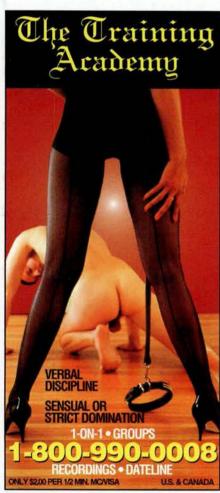










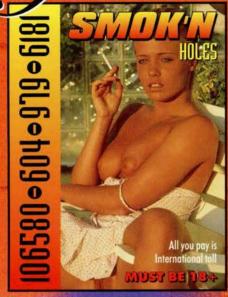


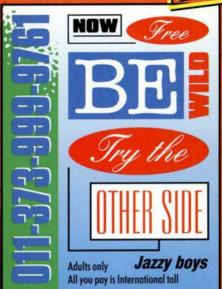




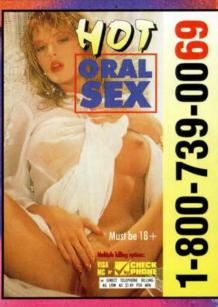


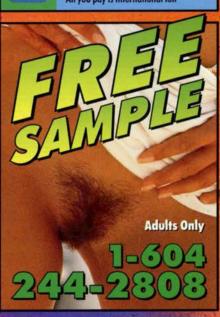
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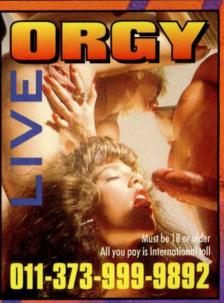






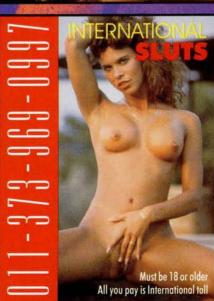






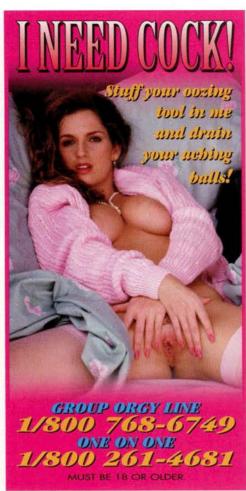








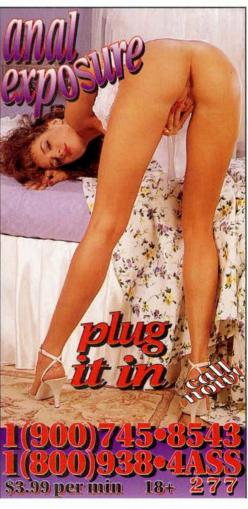


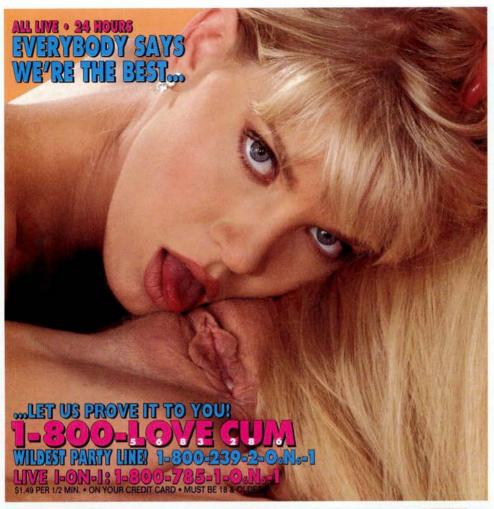




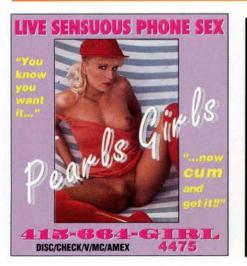


















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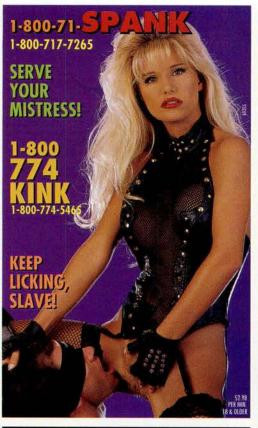
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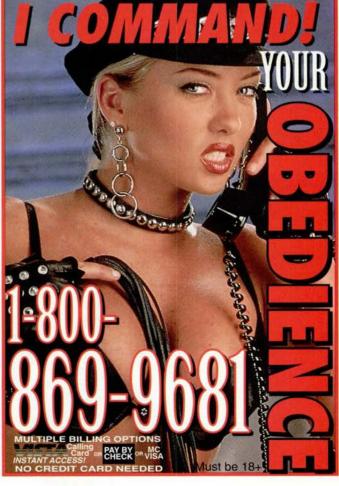


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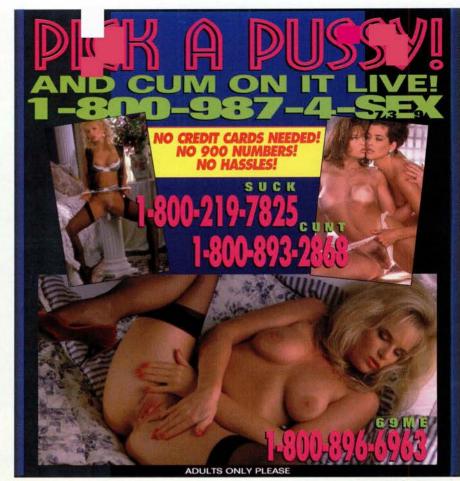




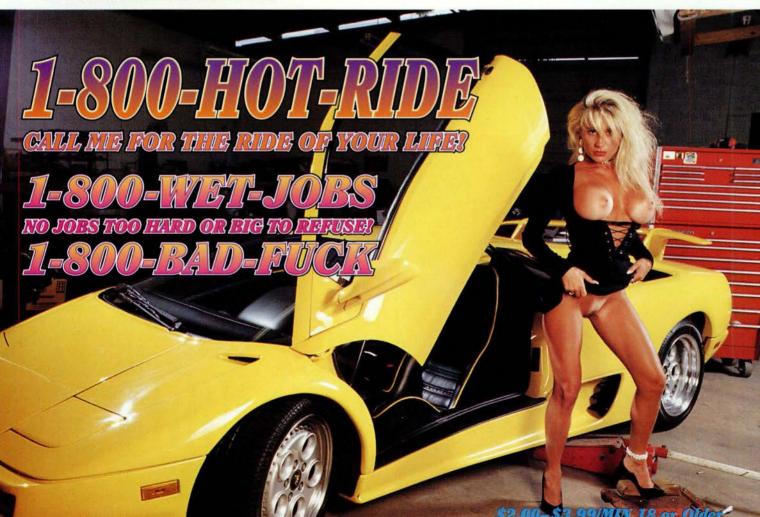




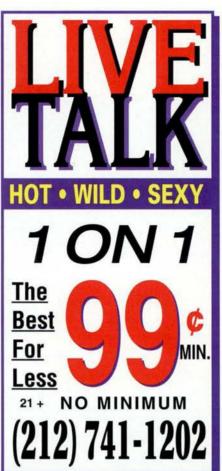




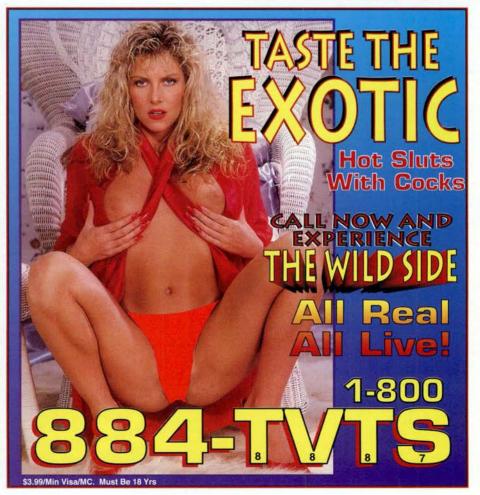












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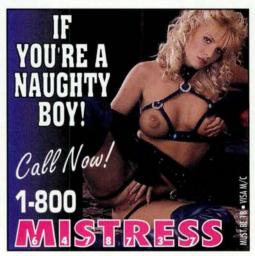
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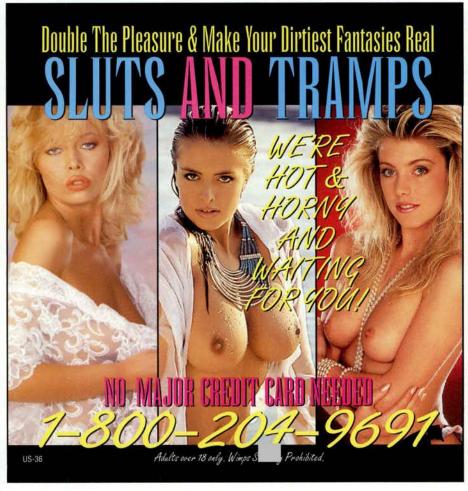
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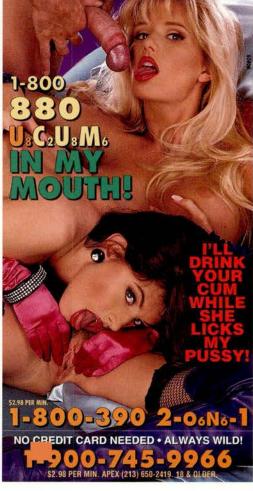












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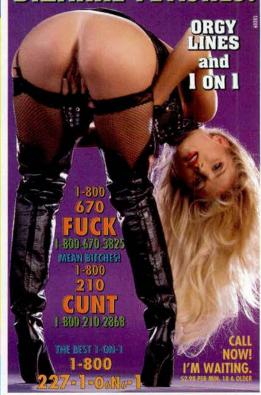








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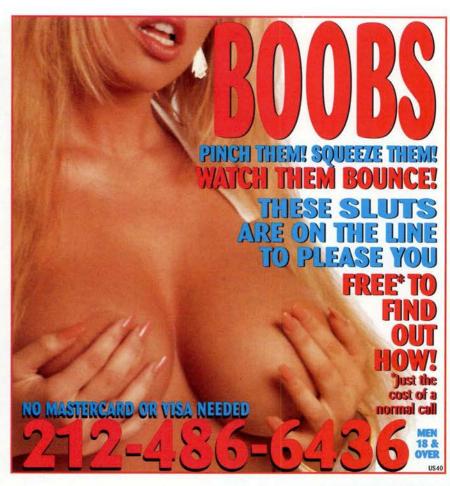






















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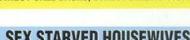
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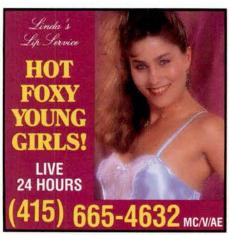
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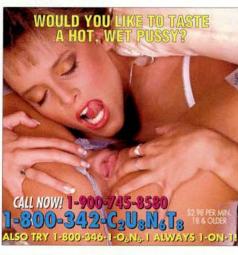


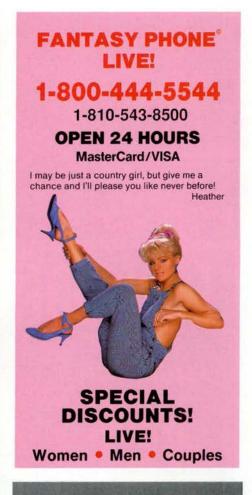










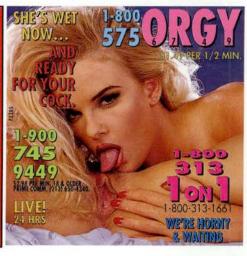










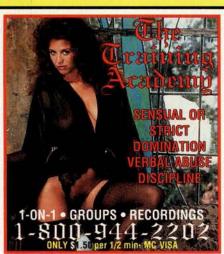








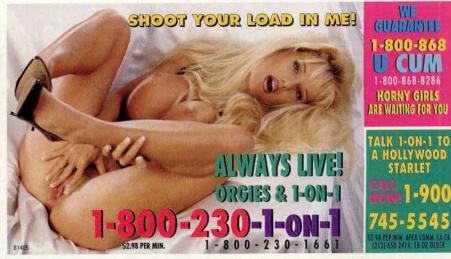






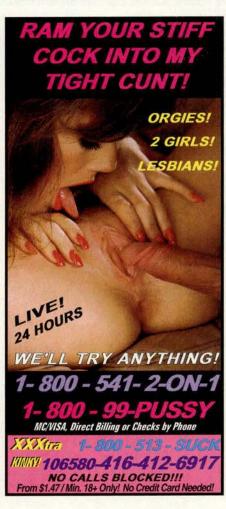




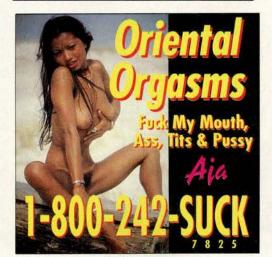










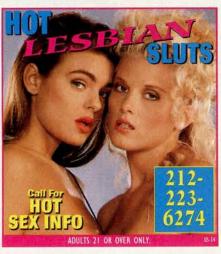


















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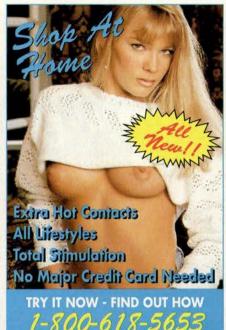












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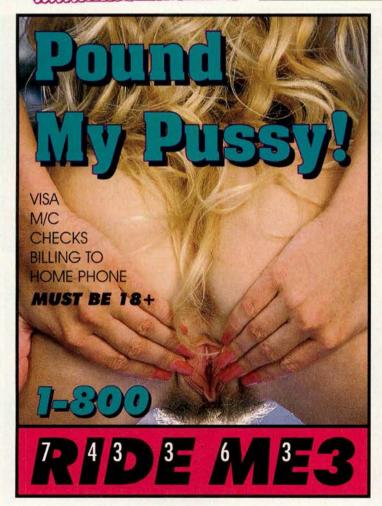


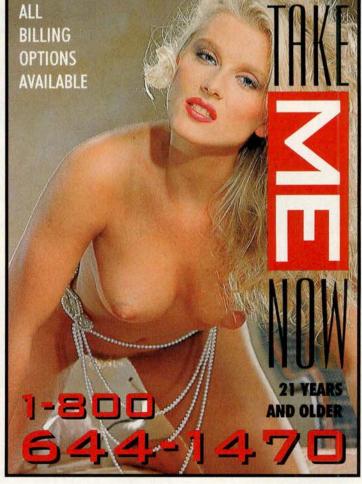
















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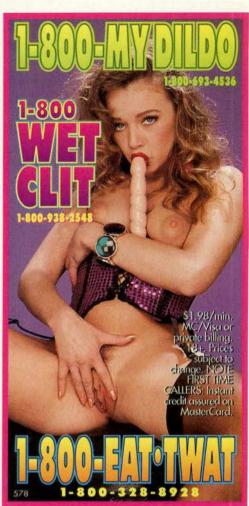
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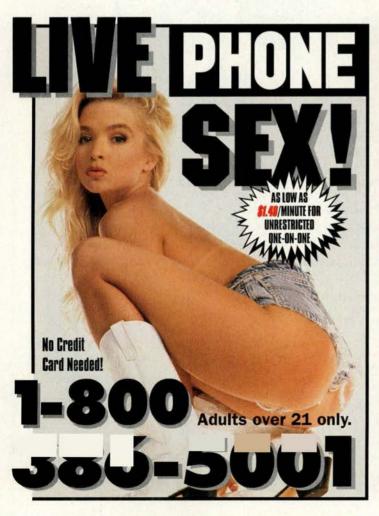
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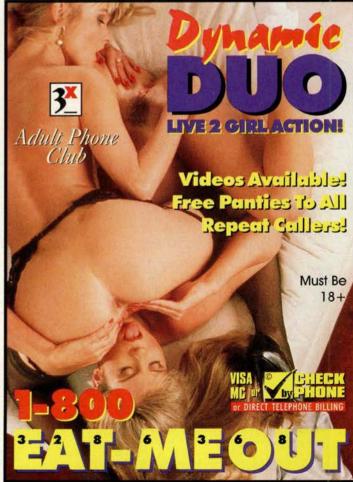
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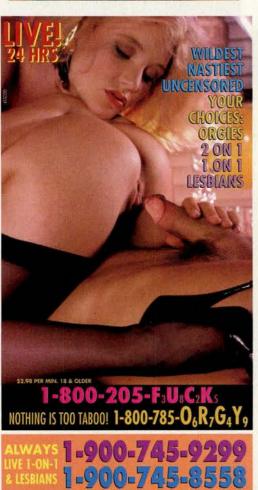












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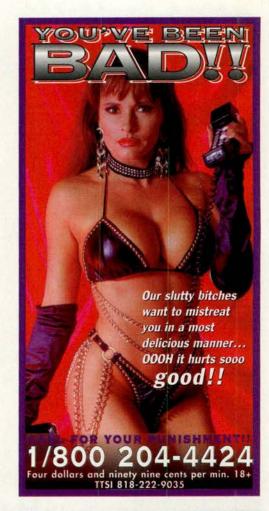
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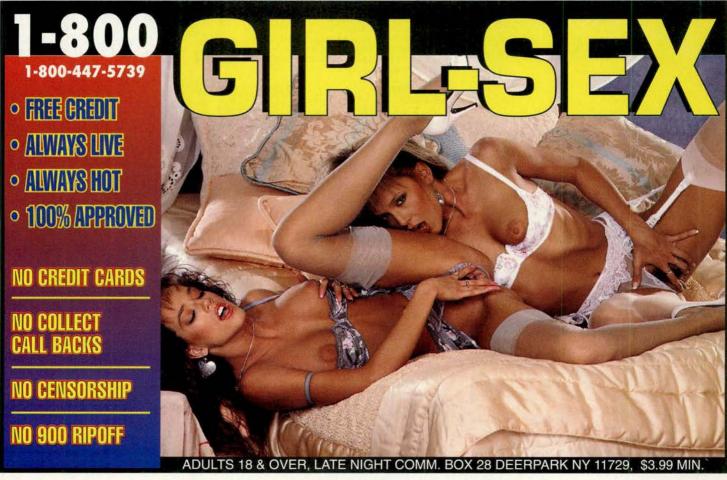
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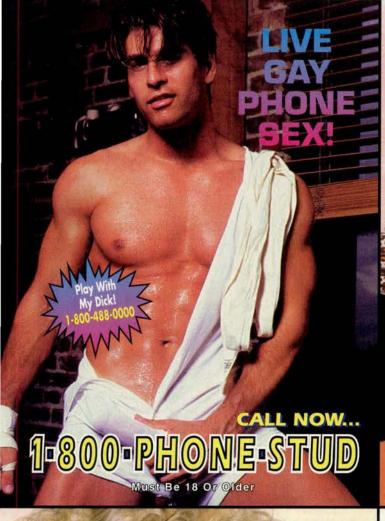
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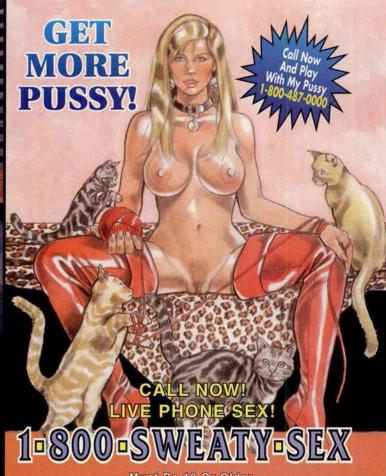
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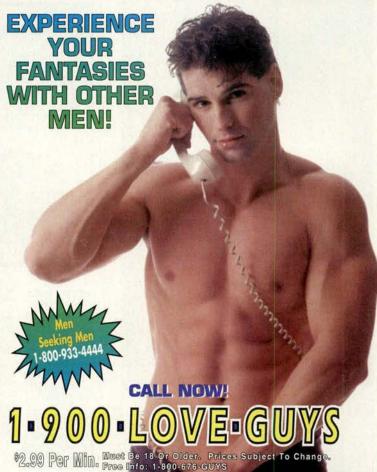
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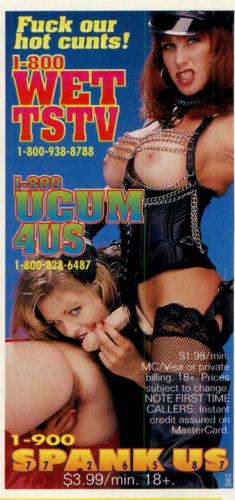












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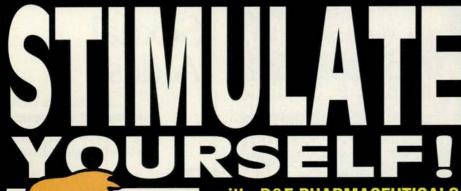
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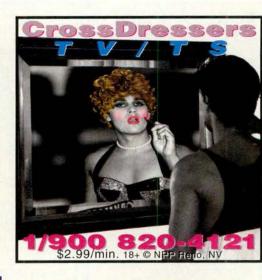
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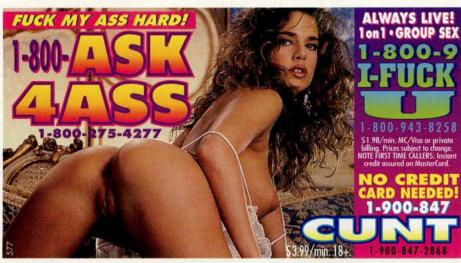
















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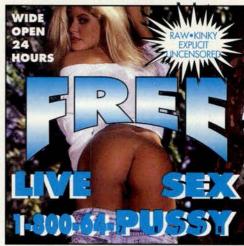


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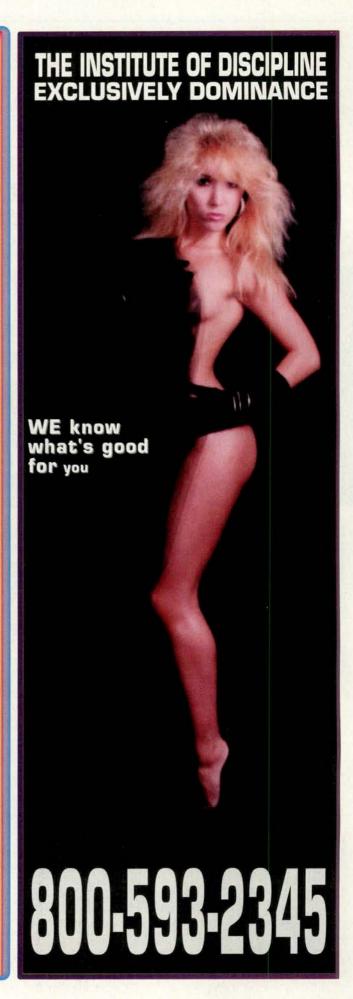


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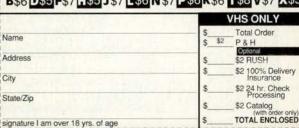
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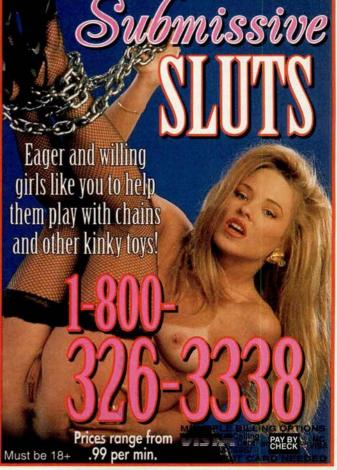
















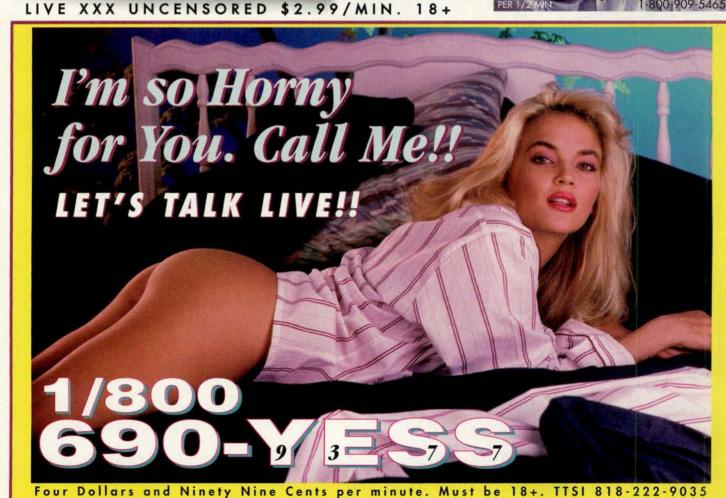
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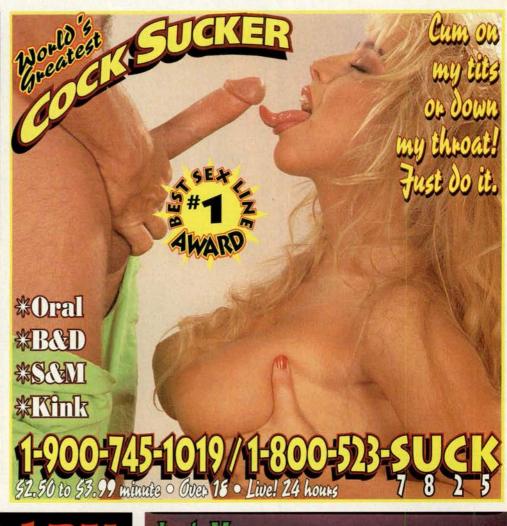
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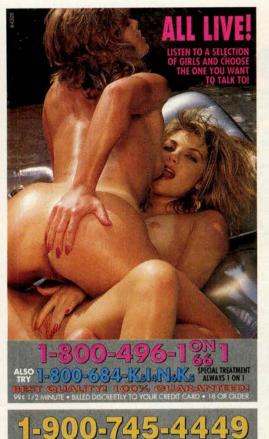
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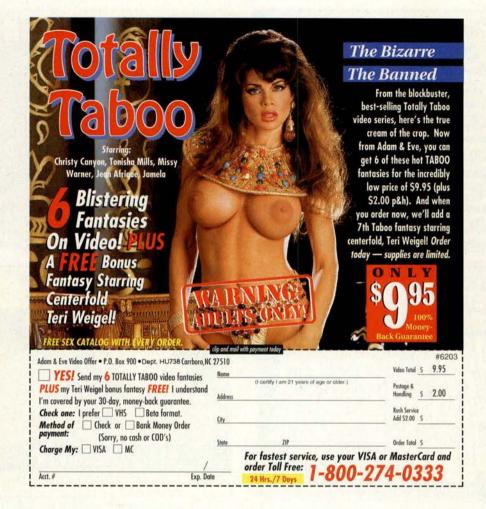


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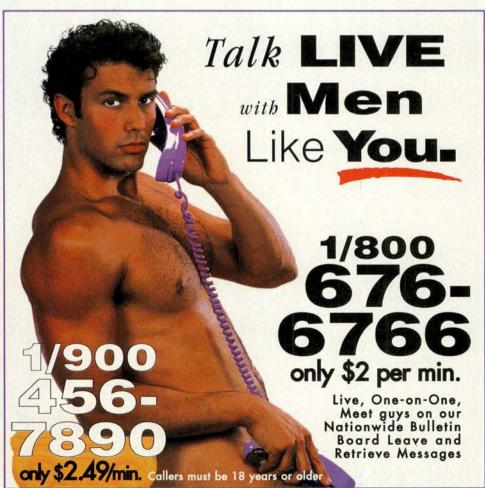
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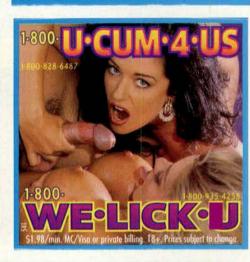
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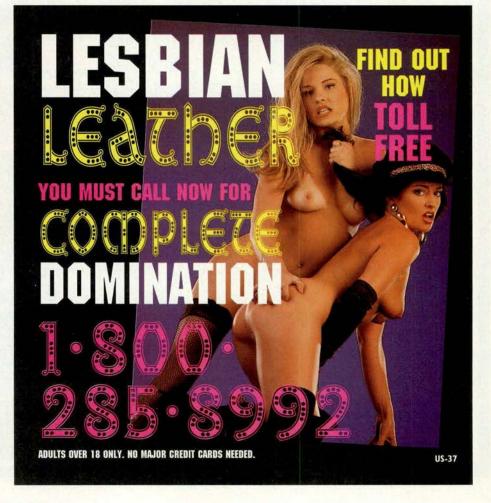
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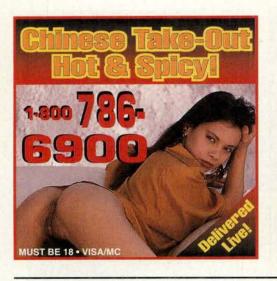
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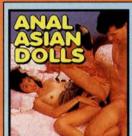
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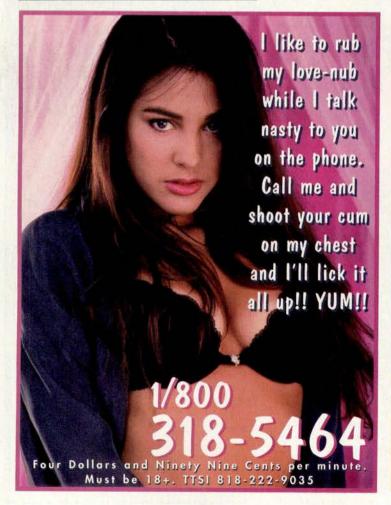
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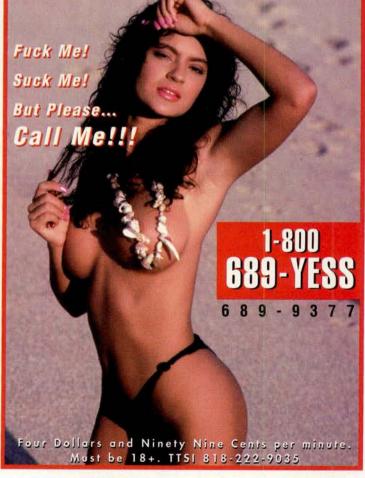


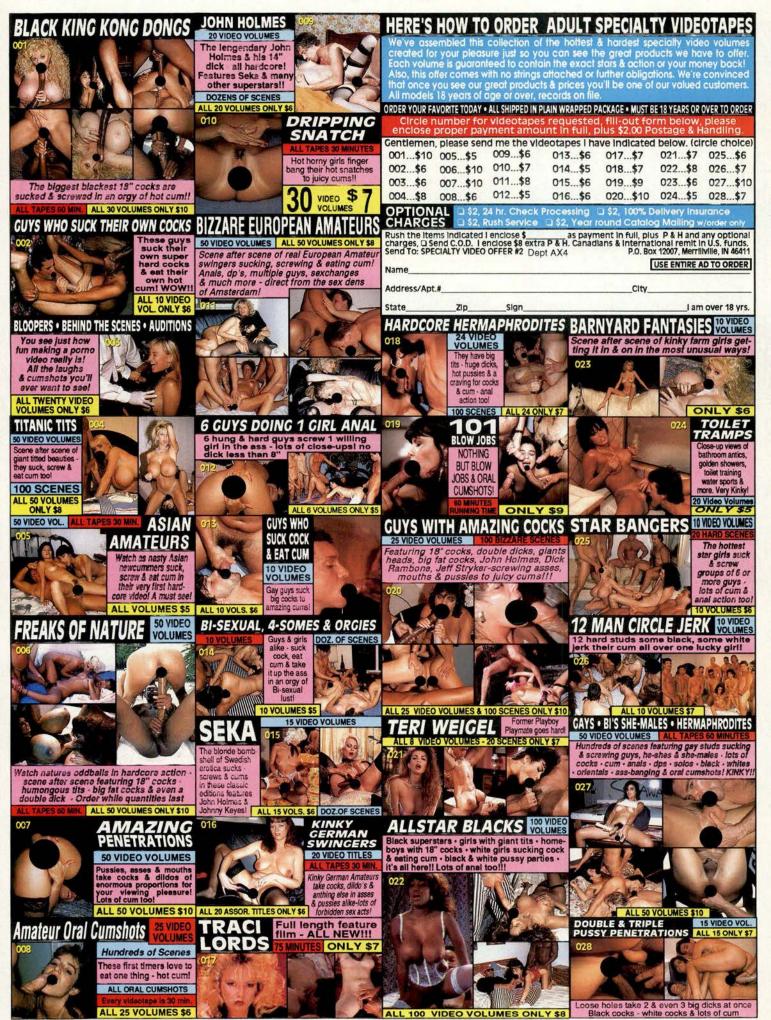




















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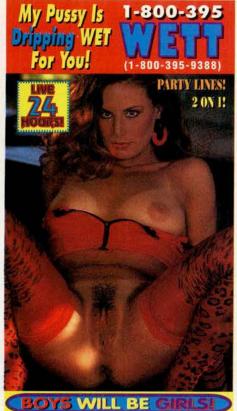
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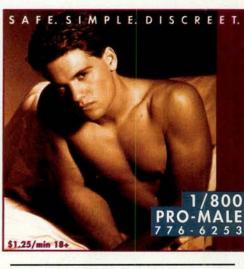


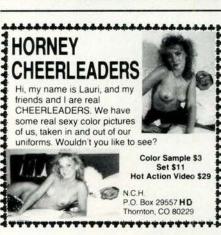


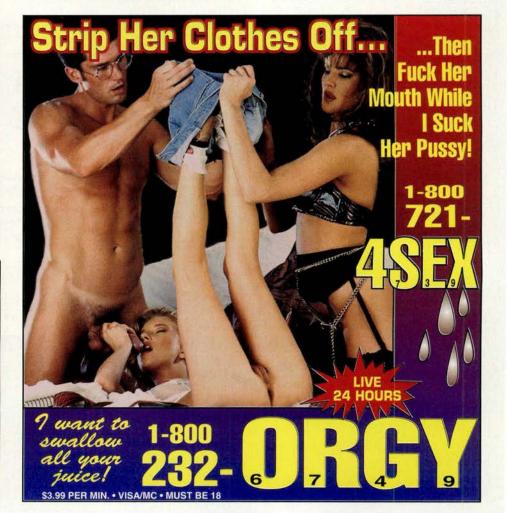














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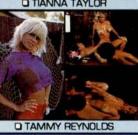








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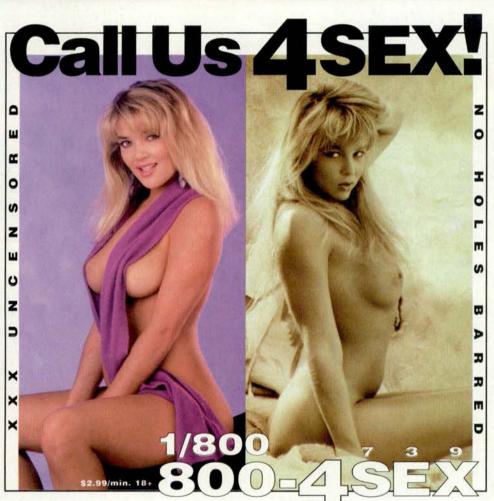
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cybersex *n*. **(sigh-burr-sex)**—a sexual encounter that one experiences utilizing the new technology of "virtual reality," i.e. not occurring in reality, but with all the sensations, pleasure, and orgasmic response of real sex so faithfully duplicated, as to be virtually indistinguishable from the real thing. (See also cybersexual intercourse.)

Virtual Reality is the most phenomenal breakthrough to emerge from science in decades. The whole world is talking about it: The Los Angeles Times Magazine and other major metropolitan newspapers have covered it; Talk-show hosts have experimented with it on national TV in front of millions of viewers, An author made it the subject of his best-selling-book-turned-blockbuster-movie. A popular hotel/casino in Las Vegas has a coin-operated system installed that generates more income than most of its black/jack tables, There are even some fast food restaurants that have installed VR systems, to capitalize on the guaranteed, magnetic draw of such an incredible attraction.

What is VIRTUAL REALITY? Quite simply, it is nothing

What is VIRTUAL REALITY? Quite simply, it is nothing less than a technology that can virtually re-create reality – every sight, sound, smell, touch and sensation of any human experience can be duplicated, "cloned," with a system that simulates all the sensations of the Real McCoy, and allows a subject (you, for example) to experience and enjoy the little episode as if you were really there; no human being can tell the difference.

Scientists and researchers have actually discovered "the building blocks" of sensory perception, and more incredibly, are able to recreate, or "clone" those patterns, resulting in an experience so indistinguishable from the real thing, that it has been dubbed "VIRTUAL REALITY."
Since the mind's conscious interpretation of

Since the mind's conscious interpretation of incoming stimulus is what determines the nature of human experience, this means that actual events in human experience can be synthesized, recreated at will, to be "re-played" at any time, with any subject (you), like today's video cassettes, but on a far more realistic level.

a far more realistic level.

As a medium of entertainment, however, its implications were truly astounding. Imagine being able to "relive" any situation you desire, whenever you want, as often as you want to? Imagine "custom tailoring" a sexual experience to your own stringent requirements — every detail, every nuance — exactly the way you like it. Not only that, but also available whenever you want it, as often as your body can handle it! Gay or straight, the subject matter is at your total command; the only limitation is the human imagination. Are you beginning to grasp the phenomenal scope of this discovery?

We've discovered that our imaginations are like high-powered ruce cars and in the land of Virtual Realty, there are no speed limits, no stop signs, and you were run out of gas — 52 Betty Jo and Darryl Sanderson, Spokane, WA*

A consultant named Peter Webber, whose firm had been contracted by major movie studios to





research new entertainment technologies came upon this systems at a trade show. In a brainstorm, he realized an as-yet-untapped area that would be an instant hit: SEXUAL EXPERIENCES IN VIRTUAL REALITY — so detailed, so true-to-life, it would be a perfect "clone" of the real thing. Every voluptuous curve of the perfect sex partner would be recreated to your specifications; that indescribable "tingling" in your groin; every sensation of a totally satisfying sexual experience — exactly duplicated — indistinguishable from the real thing.

If the magnificent implications of SEXUAL EXPERIENCES IN VR are still not clear, let's make a simple comparison between REAL SEX EXPERIENCE and CYBERSEX VR SIMULATOR EXPERIENCE:

REAL SEX

- 1. You may never have an experience with the "partner of your dreams."
- 2 Frequency often depends on mood and receptiveness of female partner.
- 5 Risk of pregnancy/disease can interfere and dampen pleasure
- pleasure.
 4. Infrequent/not always available.
- available.

 5. Finding and seducing partners can be very expensive.

 6. For your pursuit, you need a nice car, a nice pad, nice clothes, and plenty of money.

CABEDCEA

- You can enjoy your "dream partner" any time you want
 Frequency depends entirely on you. The words "no" and "headache" do not exist in virtual
- The safest and most satisfying sexual encounters known to man – always.
- 4 How often can you handle it?
 5. For unlimited experiences, you incur a one time charge that costs less than dinner and a movie.
- movie.
 6. You need only an electrical outlet.

Please note – Virtual reality experience is entirely dependent on the orientation of the user – gay, straight, bisexual, groups, "kinky," or whatever – there is no sexual discrimination in virtual reality!

Perhaps the most wonderful thing about technology is that it constantly seeks to improve upon itself. A decade ago, video cassette recorders cost in excess of \$1,000; today they are little more than a tenth of that. And the same is true of Virtual Reality technology; the components that used to cost thousands of dollars can now be had for far less. This fact, coupled with the tremendous resources available to our movie and entertainment industry, make the time "ripe" for a breakthrough of this nature. After 3 years of intensive research, Webber developed the CYBERSEX HOME VR – SIMULATOR SYSTEM. So that the marvels of this new technology could be appreciated first hand by consumers in the privacy of their own homes, at an affordable price.

**Comparing a conventional videologic and a stereo vystem to a VR (cirtua wallty) system is like comparing a tricycle to a jet plane. 25

Kyle Miller, Nashville, TN

So why isn't this miraculous "DREAM MACHINE" – available on a mass level?

It's simple - the "giants" of consumer electronics don't want to release the goodies yet. They have to keep the price in the stratosphere, to "milk" the consumers, just like they did with VCR's CD players, and every other new development they've come out with.

But it doesn't have to be that way – not this time. Take advantage of this invitation to buy direct. Try out our CYBERSEX HOME VR SIMULATOR SYSTEM. Find out what the noise is all about, and why the whole world is buzzing. We'll ship you the genuine article, lock-stock-and-barrel, ready to use and experience, for only \$24.95 each. Or, if you prefer our multi person system will enable you to take that special person or persons through your journey to sexual ecstasy. The price of the multi person system is only \$39.95 each. We've got the only system of its kind, right here in the movie capital of the world, ready to ship direct to you; we alone have found a way to deliver a system like this one for this price. Order yours today!

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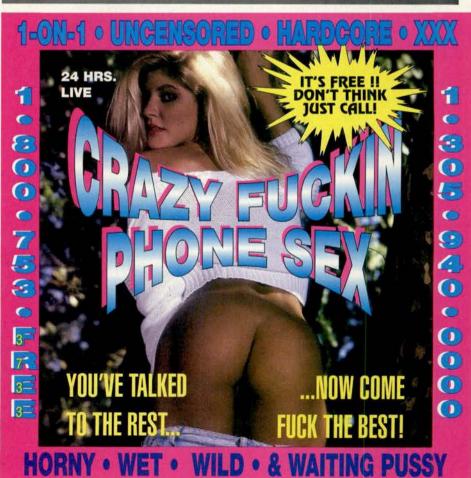












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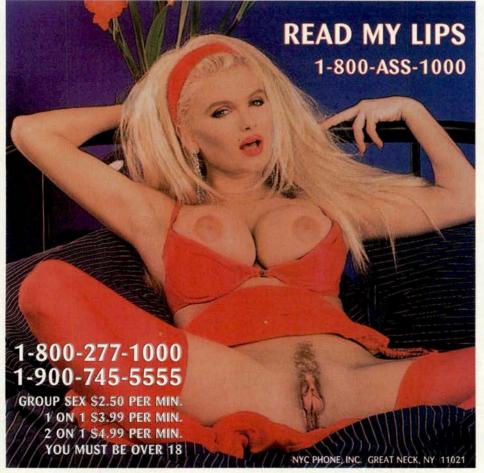




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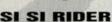
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RAGING WATERS

HUSTLER in December keeps winter-bound fists pumping smoothly with a handy dose of long-legged, tousled-hair antifreeze. Scope the chills-melting loins of a bust-baring blonde warming her sleepy, deep-tanned thighs in the Rio de Janeiro morning sun; jump in the box with a fluffy-tailed kitten-with-a-whip whose barb-tongued pussy's collared with studded-leather; slap the red cheeks of a pair of snow angels making an impression of pink on a blanket of white; nozzle-nuzzle the heavy-hanging jugs of a well-watered, desert-loving minx; and get soaked when a blue-balled jailbreaker stirs up two gash-splashing confederates with the heat on their tail. HUSTLER in December hits the wet spot. Get it hot.

SWEET BUT LOW

Food additives are not usually noted to be causative agents in the development of brain lesions, headaches, mood alterations, skin polyps, blindness, brain tumors, insomnia and depression, or to erode intelligence and short-term memory. The popular artificial sweetener known as *NutraSweet*, according to some of the most capable scientists in the country, is. Writer Alex Constantine uncovers the health hazards of the commonplace sugar substitute in *Sweet Poison*, a must-read exposé of a chemical once listed by the Pentagon in an inventory of prospective biochemical-warfare weapons submitted to Congress.



Malasaña is a bar-peppered neighborhood in Madrid, Spain, that tourist directories politely call "sleazy." Every night in Malasaña, an all-hours barhop called *la marcha* grinds out a twisted path through spew-spattered streets. At the front line can be found the ruler of this glorious dump: a human continent of unhealthy urges named *Quique*. Booking up-and-coming rock bands in Madrid clubs is Quique's profession; "ruining" whoever dares follow his lead is his chief occupation. Writer Walker Martin tracks this trash-making toreador through oceans of booze, mountains of cocaine and a maze of *discotecas* (discos) and *tripis* (LSD) to reveal the myth behind the legend in *King of Malasaña*, a tornado trip through the slum paradise that helps make Madrid not only the capital of nightlife in Europe, but sudden death to many a young rocker's touring schedule.



In an excess of comedy clubs, comedy cable channels, comedy driving schools and comedy funerals, the funny stuff has gone dull. Can the slashing humor of HUSTLER's top six stand-up jokers put the point back into professional laughter? See Stink Cave and Other Concerns: The Comeback of Cutting-Edge Comedy, by Chick Leonard; Hot Letters spells sex with a spunk-dribbling flesh pen; Beaver Hunt calls up the ma'am of the house; and Bits & Pieces milks every gag for Juice. HUSTLER in December flows. Get wet.









